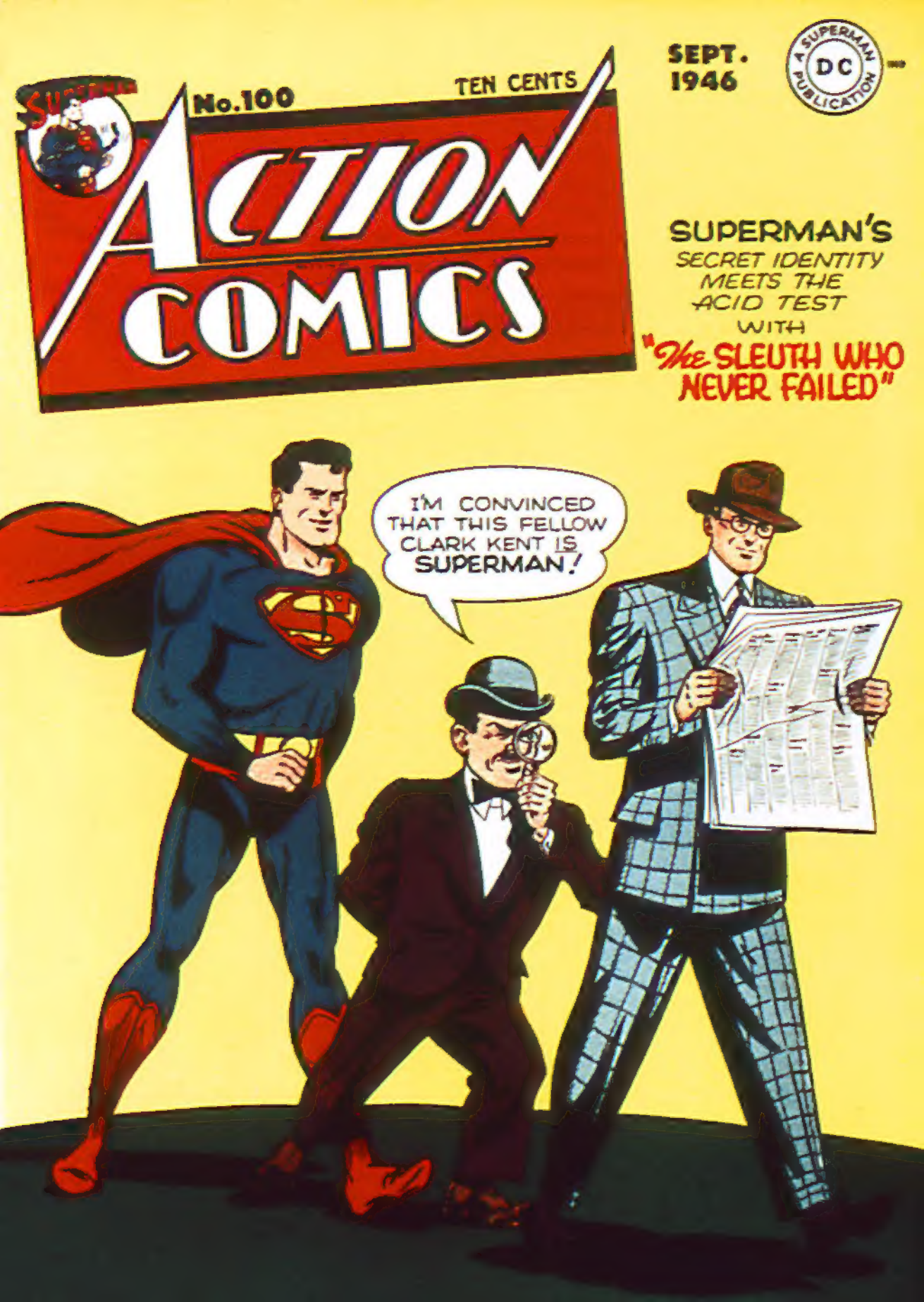
No.100
TEN CENTS
ACTION COMICS
SEPT. 1946
A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION
SUPERMAN'S SECRET IDENTITY MEETS THE ACID TEST WITH "The SLEUTH WHO NEVER FAILED"
I'M CONVINCED THAT THIS FELLOW CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN!

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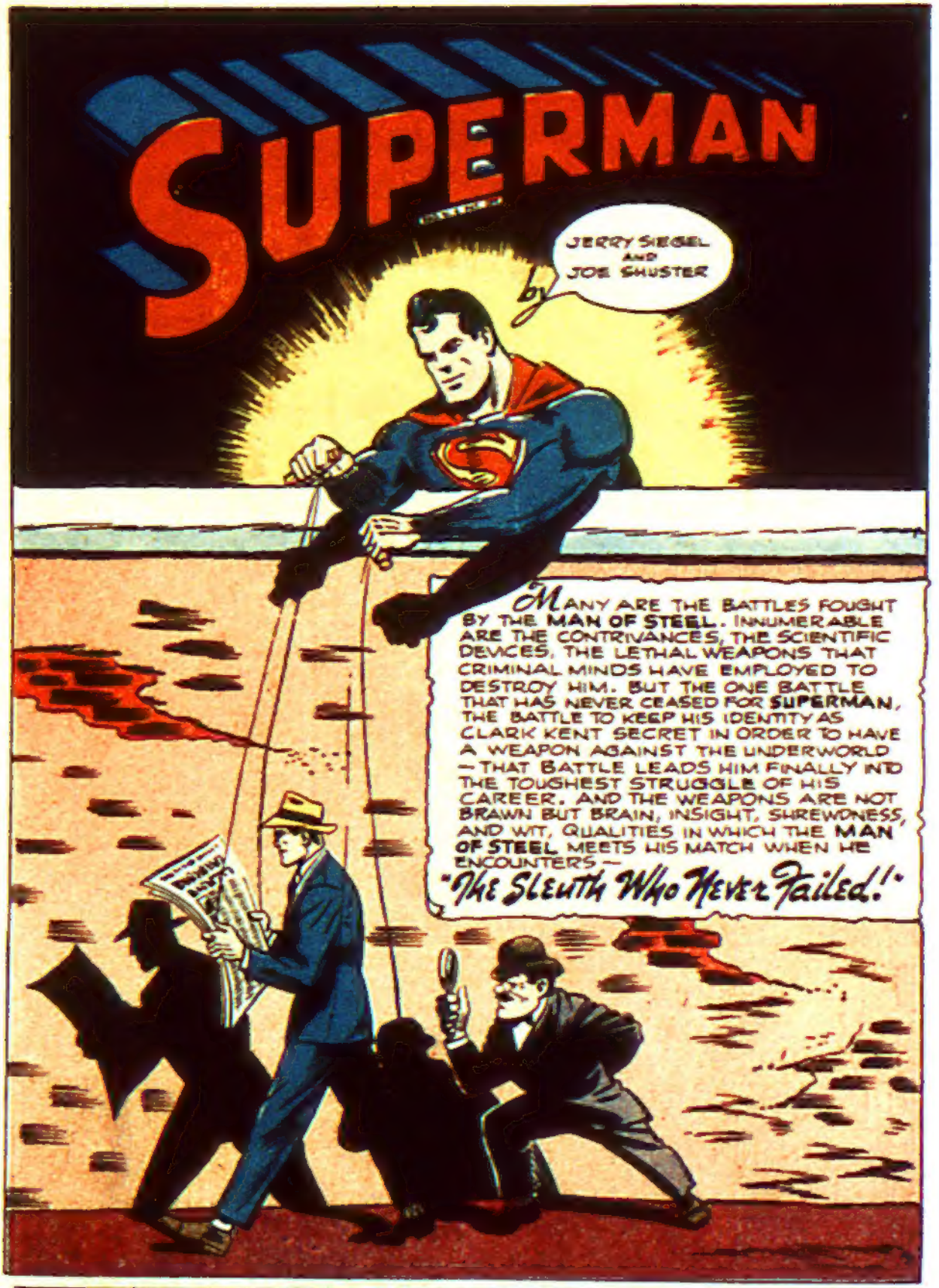
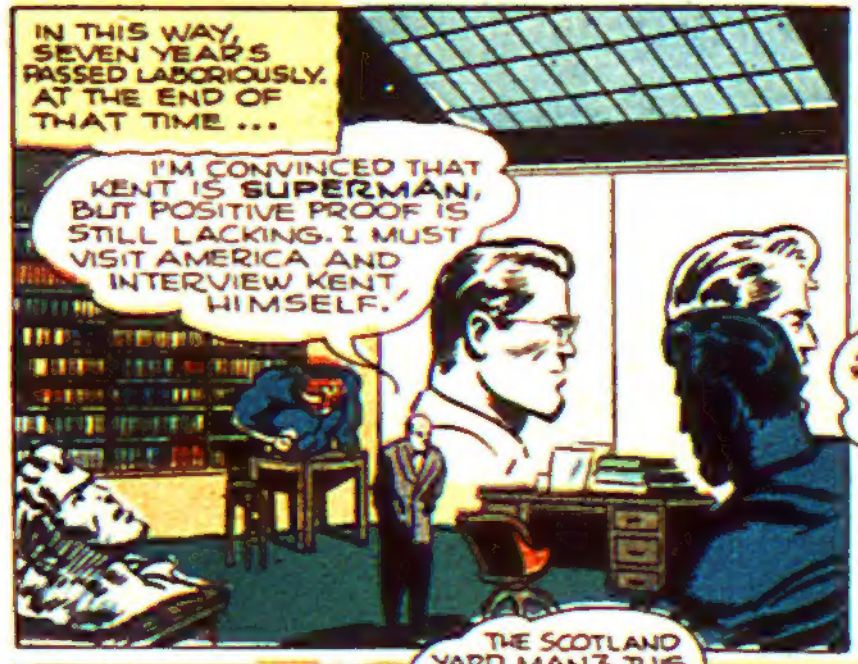

SUPERMAN
by
JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
MANY ARE THE BATTLES FOUGHT BY THE MAN OF STEEL. INNUMERABLE ARE THE CONTRIVANCES, THE SCIENTIFIC DEVICES, THE LETHAL WEAPONS THAT CRIMINAL MINDS HAVE EMPLOYED TO DESTROY HIM. BUT THE ONE BATTLE THAT HAS NEVER CEASED FOR SUPERMAN, THE BATTLE TO KEEP HIS IDENTITY AS CLARK KENT SECRET IN ORDER TO HAVE A WEAPON AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD —THAT BATTLE LEADS HIM FINALLY INTO THE TOUGHEST STRUGGLE OF HIS CAREER. AND THE WEAPONS ARE NOT BRAWN BUT BRAIN, INSIGHT, SHREWDNESS, AND WIT, QUALITIES IN WHICH THE MAN OF STEEL MEETS HIS MATCH WHEN HE ENCOUNTERS—
"The Sleuth Who Never Failed!"

ACTION COMICS, No. 100, Sept., 1946. Published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. $11.50 including postage. Foreign $8.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address The National Comics Group, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1946 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

AT THE PLANET OFFICE, CLARK KENT HAS A VISITOR...
BEG PARDON, MR. KENT, BUT MIGHT I HAVE A PRIVATE WORD WITH YOU?
HUH! ER-UH-WHY, SURE.
I THOUGHT IT BEST TO SPEAK OUT HERE WHERE THERE'D BE NO DANGER OF ANYONE OVERHEARING US, MR. SUPERMAN!
WHAT? WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?
NOW-NOW-NO NEED TO BE DISTURBED, SUPERMAN. YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH ME!
BUT-BUT-I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHO ARE YOU?
NEWSROOM
ROOM 30
YES-WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS LITTLE MAN AND HOW DOES HE COME TO BE IN POSSESSION OF THE WORLD'S MOST CAREFULLY GUARDED SECRET?
OUR QUESTION CAN BE ANSWERED BY TURNING BACK THE CLOCK SEVEN YEARS. WE ARE IN A SMALL OFFICE IN SCOTLAND YARD...
HERE'S YOUR MAN, INSPECTOR. THE SALEM STRANGLER!
INCREDIBLE! YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN! HAWKINS-YOU'RE UNCANNY!
NOW THIS NEW CASE-IT BAFFLES US ALL. HERE ARE THE DETAILS!
RELAX, INSPECTOR! I'LL HAVE YOUR MAN IN 24 HOURS!

THAT EVENING, AT A CERTAIN DISREPUTABLE PUB IN LIMEHOUSE...
NOW LOOK 'ERE—IT'S A BIT BALMY, Y'ARE, GUV'NOR. 'OW COULD A CRIMINAL LIKE THE OX BE 'IDIN' OUT 'ERE IN MY PLACE?
I SHALL DEMONSTRATE IN A MOMENT. YOU, BALDY, STEP UP HERE!
YOUR RULE OF HIRING ONLY YOUNG MEN, TOGETHER WITH THE PRESENCE OF THIS ELDERLY WAITER IN A PLACE ONCE NOTORIOUS AS THE OX'S HANGOUT—AH!
THIS'LL LEARN YE!
BLIMEY! MY FALSE SCALP!
AND, NATURALLY, I DEDUCED YOUR POSSIBLE RESISTANCE AND AM NOT, THEREFORE, TO BE CAUGHT OFF GUARD!
LATER, BACK AT THE YARD, HAWKINS UNCORKS A NEW SURPRISE...
BUT HAWKINS—I DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU—THE FINEST SLEUTH IN EUROPE! HOW CAN YOU RETIRE NOW?
I INTEND TO WORK ON A PRIVATE CASE OF INTERNATIONAL INTEREST!
FOR YEARS NOW, I'VE SUSPECTED SUPERMAN OF HAVING A SECRET IDENTITY. SO I PROPOSE TO PIT MY SLEUTHING TALENTS AGAINST SUPERMAN TO PROVE MY SUSPICION!
BUT HAWKINS DID NOT LEAVE FOR AMERICA AT ONCE. FOR MONTHS, HE RAIDED THE LIBRARIES, MUSEUMS, AND THE NEWSPAPER MORGUES OF THE WORLD...
HERE IS THAT PRESERVED FOOTPRINT SUPERMAN LEFT IN HIS EGYPT ADVENTURE. IT JUST ARRIVED FROM THE CAIRO MUSEUM!
VERY GOOD, CARTER.
3

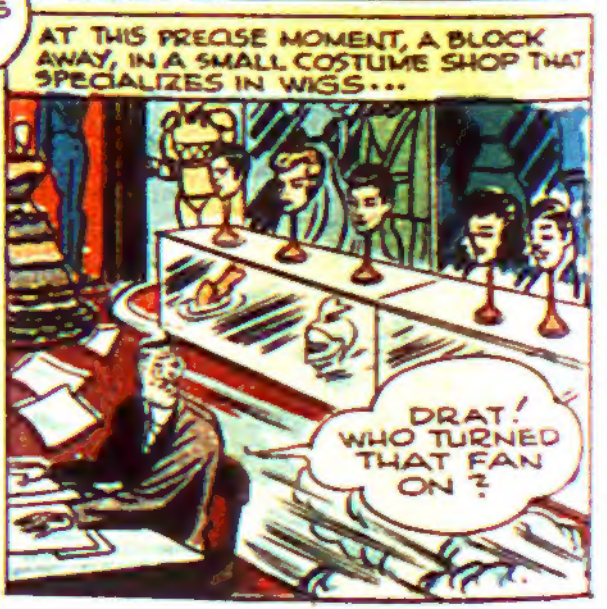
HM... SPACE BETWEEN THE EYES... EAR LOBE MEASUREMENTS... PHOTOS ARE NOT POSITIVE PROOF, BUT THE MATHEMATICAL CERTAINTY INCREASES...
DAY AFTER DAY, THE WILY SLEUTH COMPARED THE FACIAL FEATURES OF CLARK KENT AND SUPERMAN • • •


IN THIS WAY, SEVEN YEARS PASSED LABORIOUSLY. AT THE END OF THAT TIME ...
I'M CONVINCED THAT KENT IS SUPERMAN, BUT POSITIVE PROOF IS STILL LACKING. I MUST VISIT AMERICA AND INTERVIEW KENT HIMSELF.

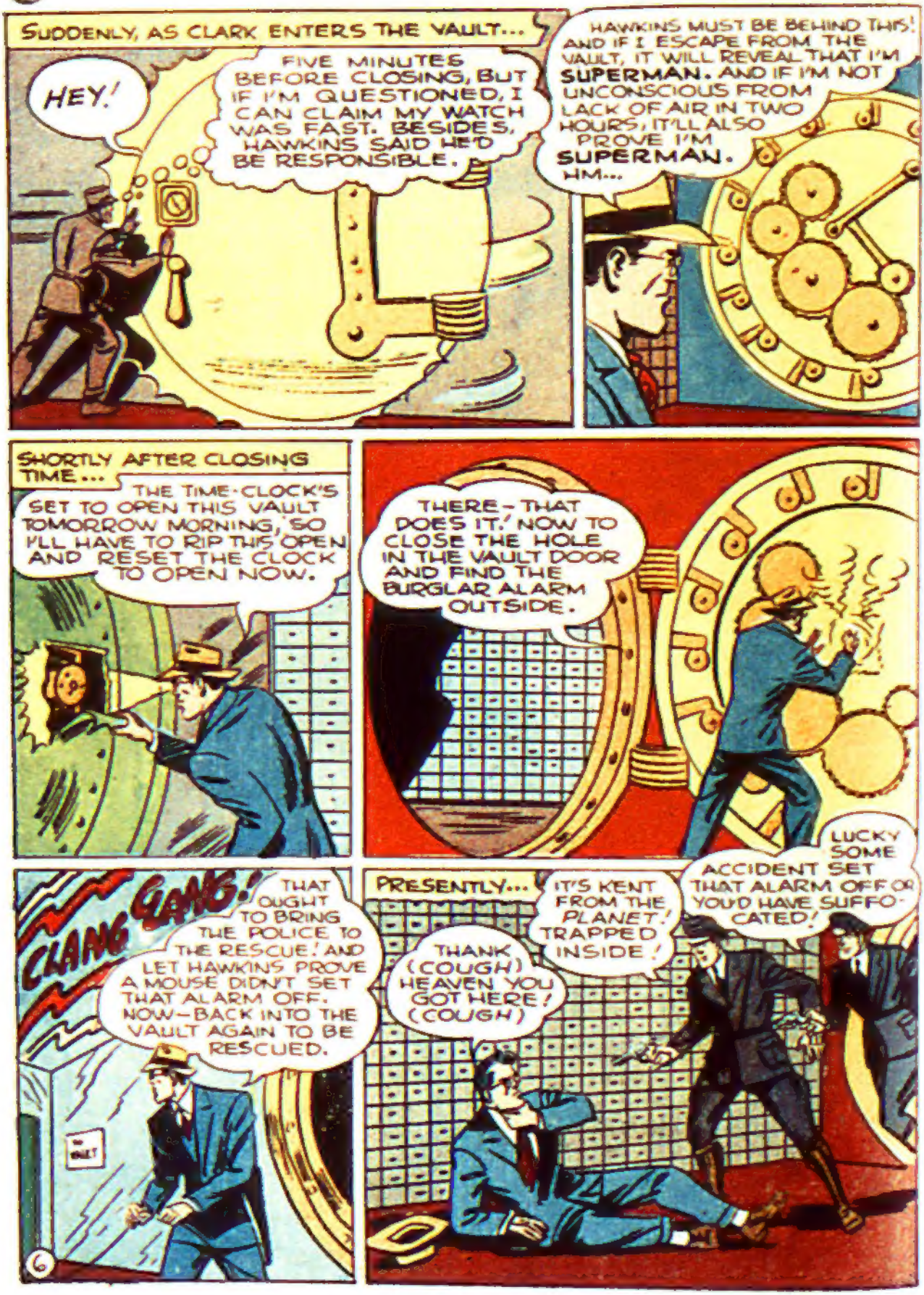
AND SO—WE COME TO THE DAILY PLANET WHERE A STARTLED CLARK MULLS OVER THE CANNY SLEUTH'S REVELATION OF HIS SECRET!
THINKING ME SUPERMAN IS FLATTERING, HAWKINS. BUT ACTUALLY, LOTS OF PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TAKEN FOR SUPERMAN.
ANTICIPATING YOUR DENIAL, I CAME PREPARED.

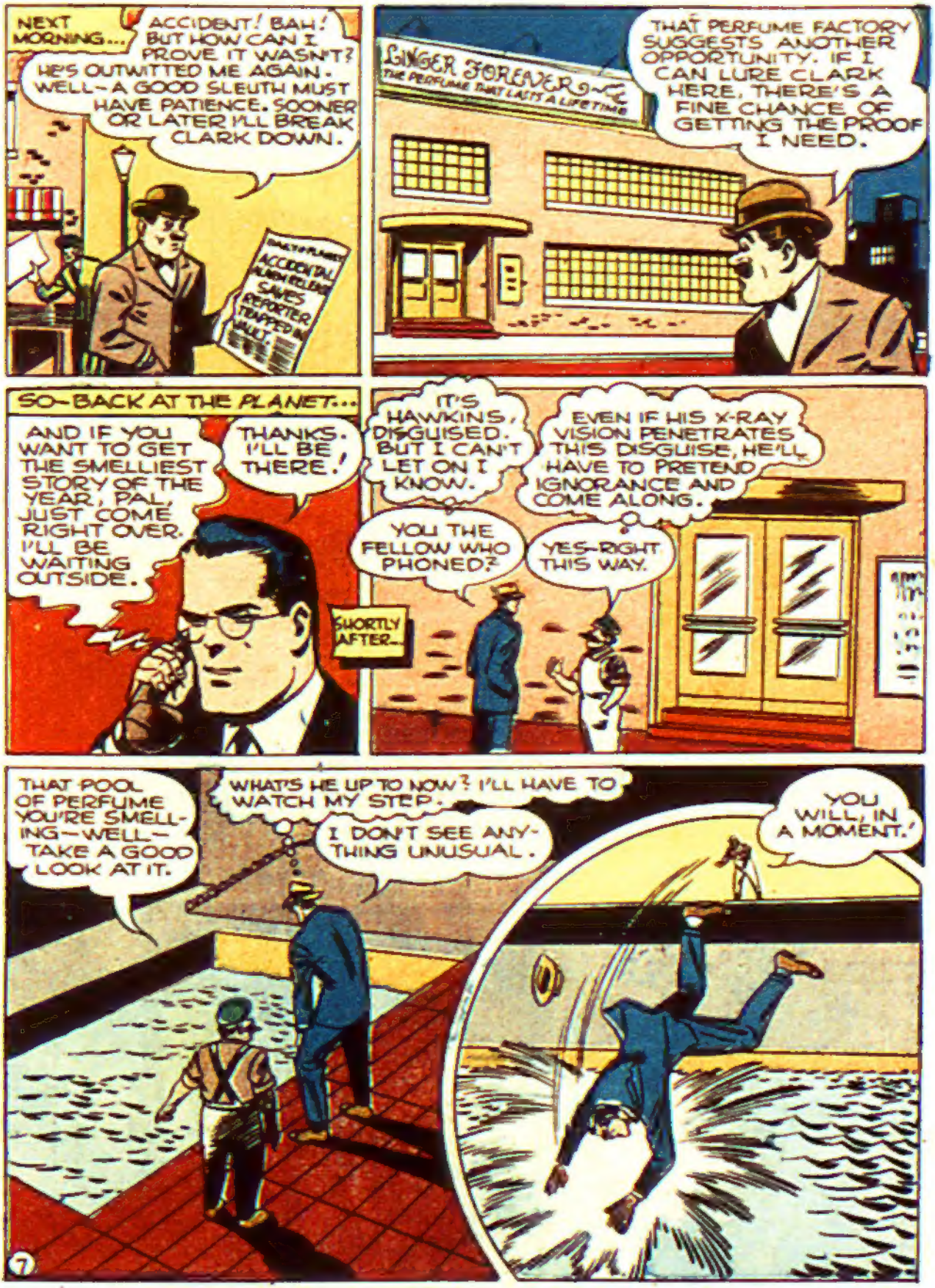
PERHAPS WE CAN SETTLE EVERTHING IF YOU ALLOW ME TO SNIP A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR.
ER—UH—LOIS—THIS IS MR. HAWKINS.
CLARK! WHAT'S WRONG?
4

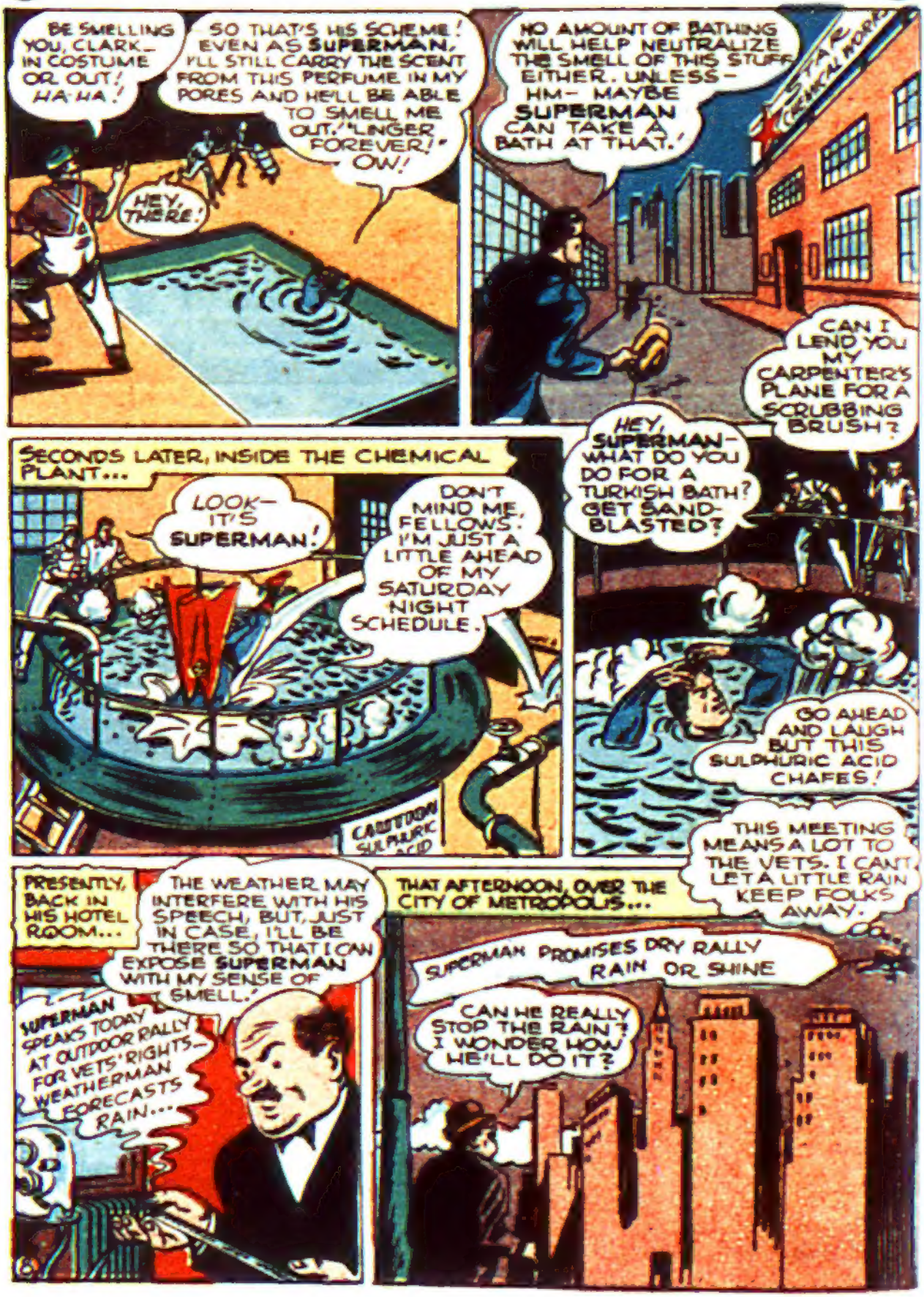
THE SCOTLAND YARD MAN? THIS IS A PLEASURE!
AND AN EQUAL PLEASURE FOR ME, MISS LANE.
THEIR BACKS ARE TURNED. ITS MY ONLY CHANCE.


AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT, A BLOCK AWAY, IN A SMALL COSTUME SHOP THAT SPECIALIZES IN WIGS...
DRAT! WHO TURNED THAT FAN ON?

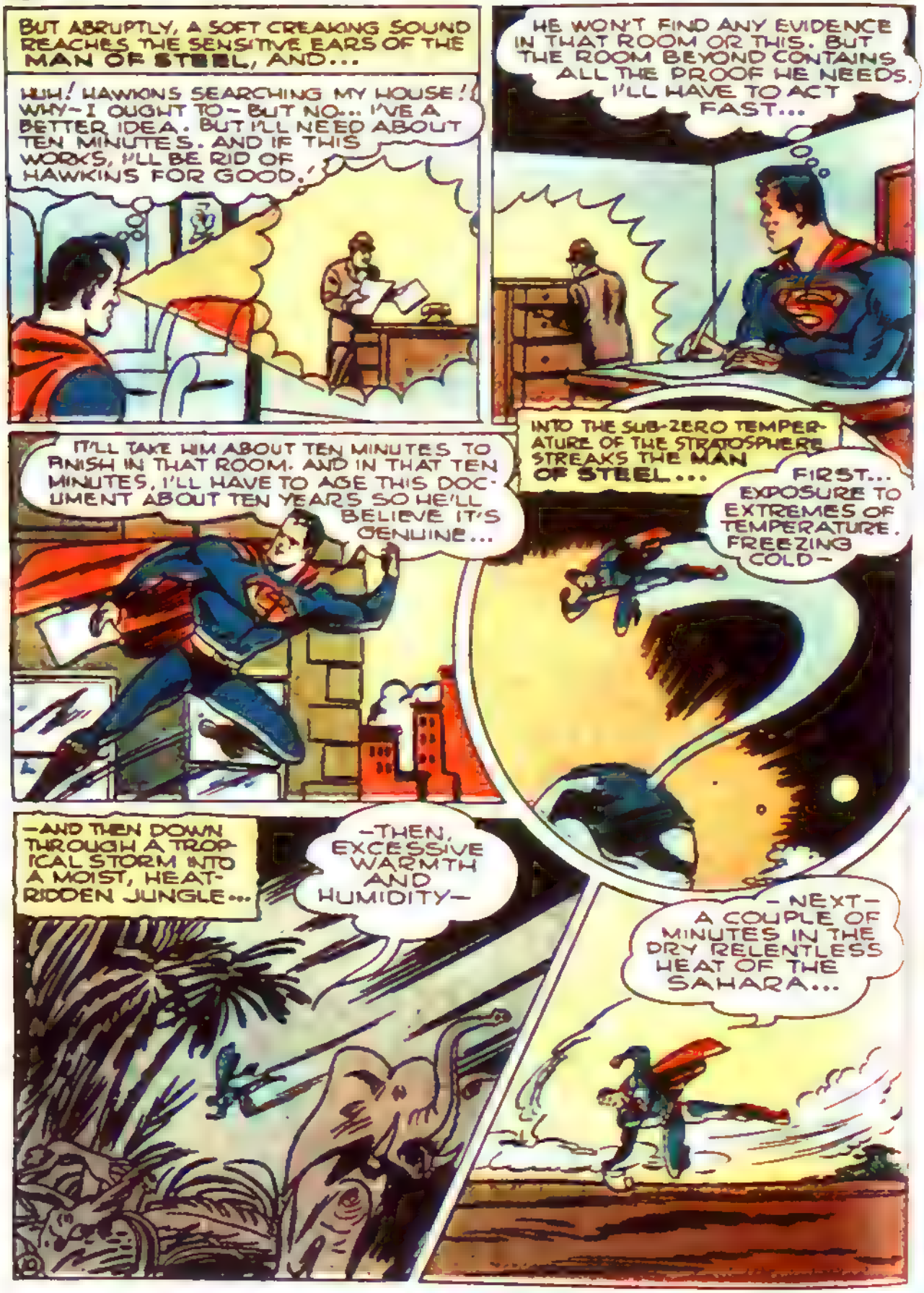
A SPLIT SECOND LATER...
HERE ON A CASE, MR. HAWKINS?
WHEW! MADE IT.
ER- YOU MIGHT CALL IT A KIND OF HOBBY.
WELL-GO AHEAD. SNIP AWAY, IF THAT'LL SATISFY YOU.
WHY- YOUR HAIR IS NORMAL. IT CAN REALLY BE CUT. MOST EXTRAORDINARY!
WELL-SO LONG, HAWKINS. SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU.
HM- HE'S TRICKED ME SOMEHOW, OR I OVER-RATE THE INGENUITY OF SUPERMAN. STILL, I CAN MAKE SURE VERY EASILY.
LATER, IN HAWKIN'S HOTEL ROOM...
HM- JUST AS I SUSPECTED. KENT MANAGED TO SLIP A WIG OVER HIS REAL HAIR. BECAUSE THIS IS ANIMAL HAIR! WELL- EITHER KENT WEARS A TOUPEE OR THIS WAS A CLEVER TRICK!
THAT AFTERNOON, AT THE METROPOLIS NATIONAL BANK...
ACCORDING TO MY STUDY OF KENT'S HABITS, WHITE HAS HIM PLACE IMPORTANT PLANET DOCUMENTS IN THE VAULT EACH NIGHT. SO YOU GET $500 FOR CO-OPERATING.
I UNDERSTAND, SIR.
TO VAULT
SOME MOMENTS LATER...
AFTERNOON, MR. KENT. ALMOST CLOSING. BETTER HURRY.
WHY- IT'S NO LATER THAN USUAL, IS IT?


SUDDENLY, AS CLARK ENTERS THE VAULT...
HEY!
FIVE MINUTES BEFORE CLOSING, BUT IF I'M QUESTIONED, I CAN CLAIM MY WATCH WAS FAST. BESIDES, HAWKINS SAID HE'D BE RESPONSIBLE.
HAWKINS MUST BE BEHIND THIS! AND IF I ESCAPE FROM THE VAULT, IT WILL REVEAL THAT I'M SUPERMAN. AND IF I'M NOT UNCONSCIOUS FROM LACK OF AIR IN TWO HOURS, IT'LL ALSO PROVE I'M SUPERMAN. HM...
SHORTLY AFTER CLOSING TIME...
THE TIME-CLOCK'S SET TO OPEN THIS VAULT TOMORROW MORNING, SO I'LL HAVE TO RIP THIS OPEN AND RESET THE CLOCK TO OPEN NOW.
THERE—THAT DOES IT. NOW TO CLOSE THE HOLE IN THE VAULT DOOR AND FIND THE BURGLAR ALARM OUTSIDE.
CLANG CLANG!
THAT OUGHT TO BRING THE POLICE TO THE RESCUE! AND LET HAWKINS PROVE A MOUSE DIDN'T SET THAT ALARM OFF. NOW—BACK INTO THE VAULT AGAIN TO BE RESCUED.
PRESENTLY...
IT'S KENT FROM THE PLANET! TRAPPED INSIDE!
THANK (COUGH) HEAVEN YOU GOT HERE! (COUGH)
LUCKY SOME ACCIDENT SET THAT ALARM OFF OR YOU'D HAVE SUFFOCATED!
6


NEXT MORNING...
ACCIDENT! BAH! BUT HOW CAN I PROVE IT WASN'T? HE'S OUTWITTED ME AGAIN. WELL—A GOOD SLEUTH MUST HAVE PATIENCE. SOONER OR LATER I'LL BREAK CLARK DOWN.
DAILY PLANET
ACCIDENTAL ALUMINUM KILLER SAVES REPORTER TRAPPED IN VAULT
GINGER FOREVER
THE PERFUME THAT LASTS A LIFETIME
THAT PERFUME FACTORY SUGGESTS ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY. IF I CAN LURE CLARK HERE, THERE'S A FINE CHANCE OF GETTING THE PROOF I NEED.
SO—BACK AT THE PLANET...
AND IF YOU WANT TO GET THE SMELLIEST STORY OF THE YEAR, PAL, JUST COME RIGHT OVER. I'LL BE WAITING OUTSIDE.
THANKS. I'LL BE THERE!
SHORTLY AFTER...
IT'S HAWKINS, DISGUISED. BUT I CAN'T LET ON I KNOW.
EVEN IF HIS X-RAY VISION PENETRATES THIS DISGUISE, HE'LL HAVE TO PRETEND IGNORANCE AND COME ALONG.
YOU THE FELLOW WHO PHONED?
YES—RIGHT THIS WAY.
THAT POOL OF PERFUME YOU'RE SMELLING—WELL—TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT IT.
WHAT'S HE UP TO NOW? I'LL HAVE TO WATCH MY STEP.
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING UNUSUAL.
YOU WILL, IN A MOMENT.
7


BE SMELLING YOU, CLARK— IN COSTUME OR OUT! HA-HA!
SO THAT'S HIS SCHEME! EVEN AS SUPERMAN, I'LL STILL CARRY THE SCENT FROM THIS PERFUME IN MY PORES AND HE'LL BE ABLE TO SMELL ME OUT. "LINGER FOREVER!" OW!
HEY, THERE!
NO AMOUNT OF BATHING WILL HELP NEUTRALIZE THE SMELL OF THIS STUFF EITHER. UNLESS— HM— MAYBE SUPERMAN CAN TAKE A BATH AT THAT.
STAR CHEMICAL WORKS
CAN I LEND YOU MY CARPENTER'S PLANE FOR A SCRUBBING BRUSH?
SECONDS LATER, INSIDE THE CHEMICAL PLANT...
LOOK— IT'S SUPERMAN!
DON'T MIND ME, FELLOWS. I'M JUST A LITTLE AHEAD OF MY SATURDAY NIGHT SCHEDULE.
CAUTION SULPHURIC ACID
HEY, SUPERMAN— WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A TURKISH BATH? GET SAND-BLASTED?
GO AHEAD AND LAUGH BUT THIS SULPHURIC ACID CHAFES!
PRESENTLY, BACK IN HIS HOTEL ROOM...
THE WEATHER MAY INTERFERE WITH HIS SPEECH, BUT, JUST IN CASE, I'LL BE THERE SO THAT I CAN EXPOSE SUPERMAN WITH MY SENSE OF SMELL.'
SUPERMAN SPEAKS TODAY AT OUTDOOR RALLY FOR VETS' RIGHTS— WEATHERMAN FORECASTS RAIN...
THAT AFTERNOON, OVER THE CITY OF METROPOLIS...
THIS MEETING MEANS A LOT TO THE VETS. I CAN'T LET A LITTLE RAIN KEEP FOLKS AWAY.
SUPERMAN PROMISES DRY RALLY RAIN OR SHINE
CAN HE REALLY STOP THE RAIN? I WONDER HOW HE'LL DO IT?

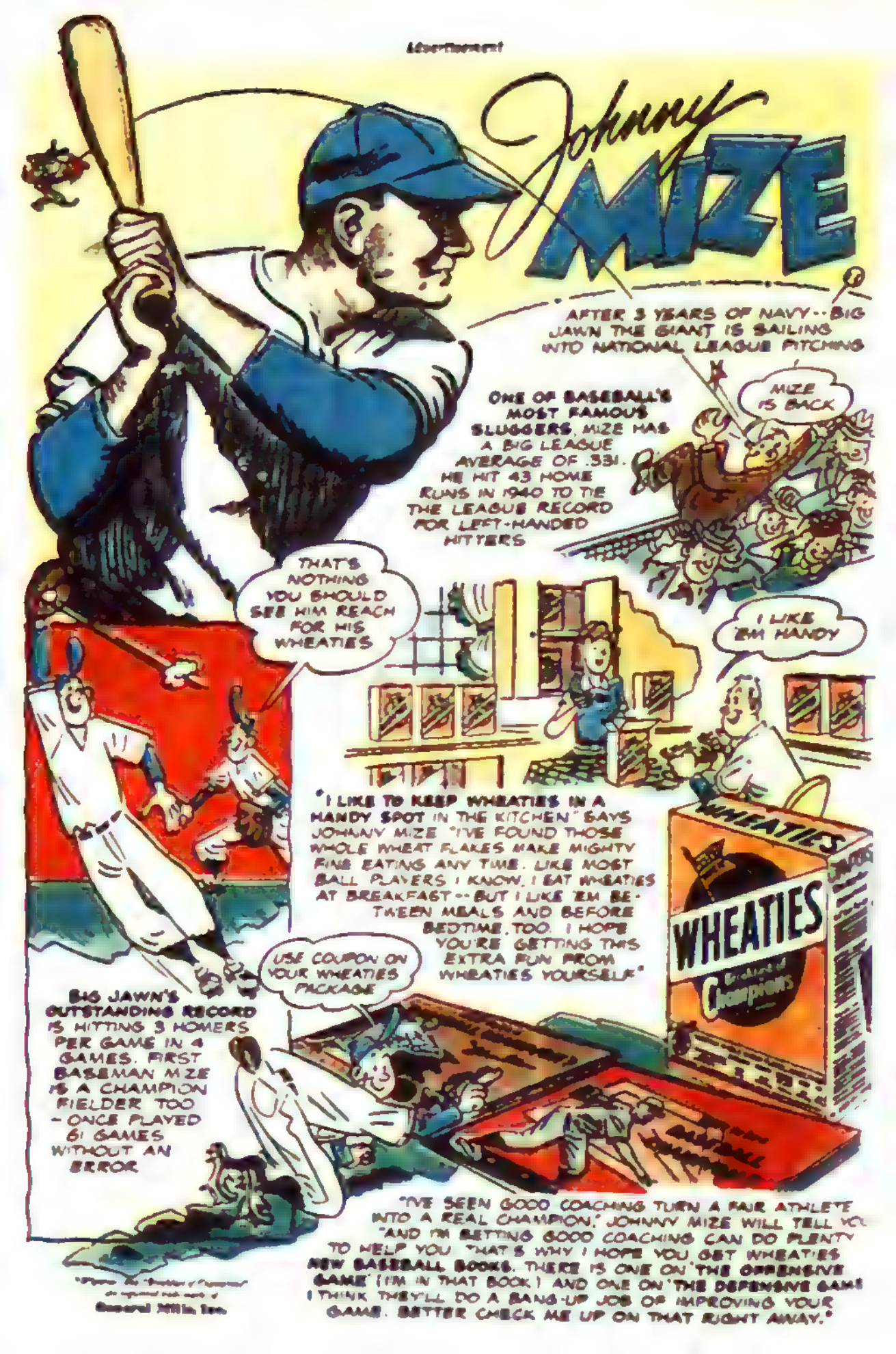
LATER, AT THE RALLY...
HEY- IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN.'
THERE'S HAWKINS SNIFFING AROUND ME LIKE A BLOODHOUND. WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR HIM.
NOT A TRACE OF PERFUME LEFT. KENT'S OUTWITTED ME AGAIN.'
DON'T WORRY- I CAME PREPARED TO STOP THE RAIN.
IF HE CAN REALLY DO IT, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE DESPERATE MEASURES AGAINST SUCH A MAN.
HOLDING THE HUGE GIRDER OVER THE CROWD'S HEADS, THE MAN OF STEEL'S FINGERS BEGIN TO SPIN IT...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - SUPERSPEED HAS BROUGHT THIS GIRDER TO A WHITE HEAT, EVAPORATING THE RAIN AS IT FALLS AND PROTECTING YOU ALL. SO- LET'S GET ON WITH OUR MEETING...
I WON'T BE DEFEATED! BUT MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO RESORT TO THE CRIMINAL METHODS I KNOW SO WELL TO PROVE THAT KENT AND SUPERMAN ARE ONE.
ONE HOUR LATER, ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE RALLY...
I'M WORRIED ABOUT HAWKINS. HE LOOKED DESPERATE WHEN HE LEFT THE MEETING. I'D LIKE TO TELL HIM WHO I REALLY AM, BUT I NEED MY IDENTITY OF CLARK KENT TO SECURE INFORMATION FROM THE UNDERWORLD.
-AND CROOKS WOULD BE ON GUARD IF THEY KNEW HE'S SUPERMAN. ANYWAY, HOME AT LAST. HERE, AT LEAST, I CAN FORGET HAWKINS.


BUT ABRUPTLY, A SOFT CREAKING SOUND REACHES THE SENSITIVE EARS OF THE MAN OF STEEL, AND...
HUH! HAWKINS SEARCHING MY HOUSE! WHY—I OUGHT TO—BUT NO... I'VE A BETTER IDEA. BUT I'LL NEED ABOUT TEN MINUTES. AND IF THIS WORKS, I'LL BE RID OF HAWKINS FOR GOOD.
HE WON'T FIND ANY EVIDENCE IN THAT ROOM OR THIS. BUT THE ROOM BEYOND CONTAINS ALL THE PROOF HE NEEDS. I'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST...
IT'LL TAKE HIM ABOUT TEN MINUTES TO FINISH IN THAT ROOM. AND IN THAT TEN MINUTES, I'LL HAVE TO AGE THIS DOCUMENT ABOUT TEN YEARS SO HE'LL BELIEVE IT'S GENUINE...
INTO THE SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURE OF THE STRATOSPHERE STREAKS THE MAN OF STEEL...
FIRST... EXPOSURE TO EXTREMES OF TEMPERATURE. FREEZING COLD—
—AND THEN DOWN THROUGH A TROPICAL STORM INTO A MOIST, HEAT-RIDDEN JUNGLE...
—THEN, EXCESSIVE WARMTH AND HUMIDITY—
—NEXT—A COUPLE OF MINUTES IN THE DRY RELENTLESS HEAT OF THE SAHARA...

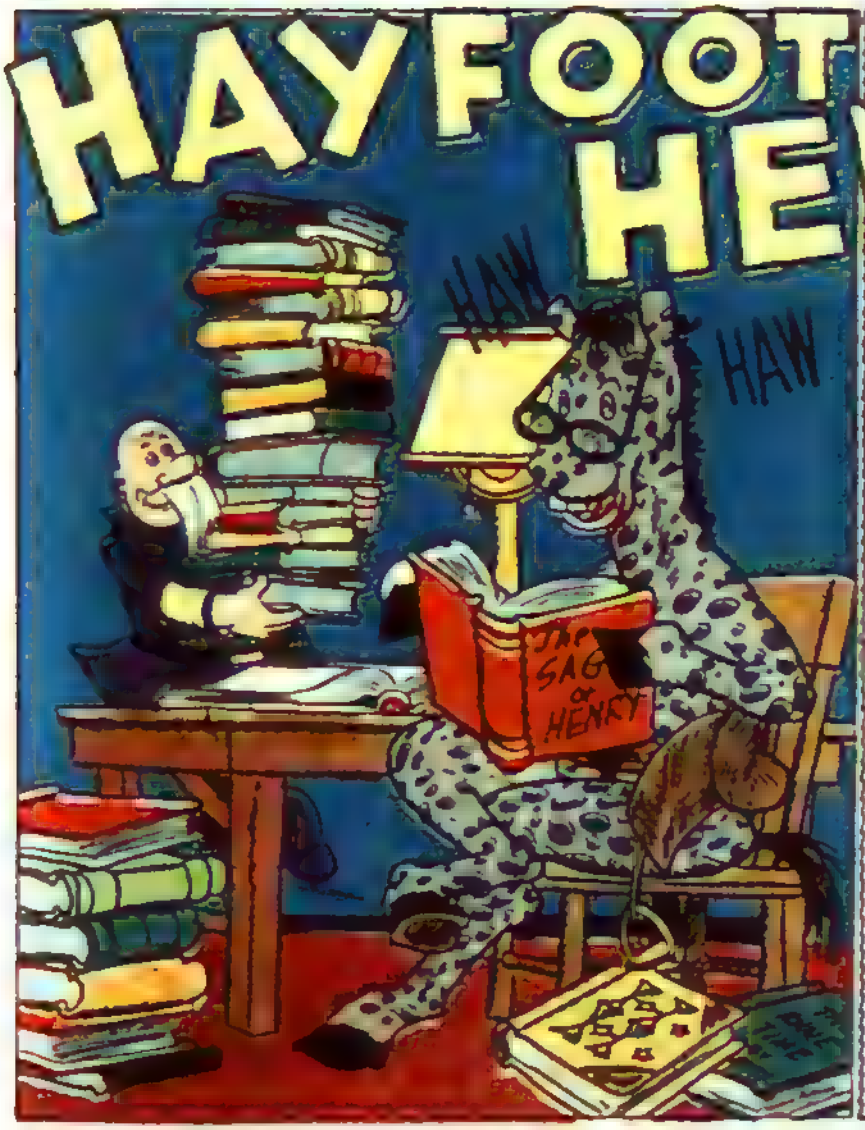
-AND FINALLY, HOME IN TEN MINUTES FLAT.'
HE'S JUST FINISHING THERE, SO I'LL LEAVE THIS IN THE DESK DRAWER FOR HIM TO DISCOVER.
THEN, WHILE SUPERMAN WATCHES FROM OUTSIDE...
NOTHING YET— BUT—I SAY— WHAT'S THIS?
KENT'S WILL!
Copy of the last Will and Testament of Clark Kent. October 6, 1940
I, Clark Kent, being of sound mind, do hereby will and bequeath, in the event of my sudden death, the following properties and monies I own or may found
'—AND TO MY FRIEND SUPERMAN, FOR THE MANY SERVICES HE HAS DONE ME, MY ENTIRE LIBRARY...' WHY, IF KENT WERE SUPERMAN, HE WOULDN'T NEED A WILL!
THIS WILL WAS MADE LONG BEFORE I APPEARED ON THE SCENE. THE INK IS FADED, THE PAPER YELLOWED... WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!

ONE WEEK LATER, AT THE PLANET OFFICE...
LETTER FOR YOU, CLARK!
AIR MAIL FROM ENGLAND! WHAT CAN IT BE?
NEWS
THE SUCCESS OF HIS UNDERTAKING.' AND I THOUGHT THAT WILL CONVINCED HIM OTHERWISE.'
My dear Kent
This is to apologize for the inconveniences and dangers you suffered while held from you for Superman.
I will see my friend Inspector Evans, at Scotland Yard Friday to report the success of my undertaking
Sincerely
Hawkins
A HASTY SWITCH, AND AN ANXIOUS SUPERMAN STREAKS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC-HIS DESTINATION, SCOTLAND YARD.
TODAY IS FRIDAY. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAWKINS KNOWS BY BEING THERE WHEN HE SEES THE INSPECTOR!
SO-AT SCOTLAND YARD...
THAT'S HAWKINS IN THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE RIGHT NOW.
—AND SO, I'VE SUCCEEDED IN SOLVING THE MOST IMPORTANT CASE OF MY CAREER!
I WAS DUBIOUS BEFORE, BUT NOW I CAN PROVE BEYOND A SHADOW OF DOUBT THAT CLARK KENT IS NOT SUPERMAN!
WELL! IF SCOTLAND YARD'S GREATEST SLEUTH SAYS SO, THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH PROOF FOR ANYBODY!
THE END

"PEPSI"
The PEPSI-COLA COP
TH' CHIEF TOLD US TO STICK AROUND IN CASE SOMETHING COMES UP
GOSH! WOT A BIG SQUIRT FER THAT LITTLE SQUIRT TO HANDLE!
LOOK!— SOMETHING DID COME UP!
GOLLY, BOYS!— TH' HOSE BUSTED! WE GOTTA THINK FAST!!
WE'LL THINK FASTER WITH A QUICK PEPSI-COLA FIRST. THEN JUST WATCH OUR SMOKE!
GOT A PROBLEM? WANNA LICK IT? PEPSI-COLA IS THE TICKET!
FOLLOW ME, PETE!
I'D FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE FOR ANOTHER PEPSI-COLA!
TO THE ZOO
'ATTA BOY, PETE! BUST THAT CHAIN THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
ARE CHAIN LINKS ANYTHING LIKE SPOTTED LYNX?
I SURE GET A LOTTA MILEAGE OUT OF A BOTTLE OF PEPSI-COLA!
RELAX, PAL! SHE'S GOT THAT FIRE UNDER CONTROL NOW
YEP A COUPLE MORE MINUTES AND IT'LL BE OUT
YOU'RE HER NEW FLAME, PETE!
STOP AT THE FIRST PEPSI-COLA SIGN, MAC THIS RATES A TREAT!
PEPSI SEZ:
WHEN YOU WANT TO QUENCH A 4 ALARM THIRST CALL FOR PEPSI-COLA!


Johnny MIZE
AFTER 3 YEARS OF NAVY -- BIG JAWN THE GIANT IS SAILING INTO NATIONAL LEAGUE PITCHING
ONE OF BASEBALL'S MOST FAMOUS SLUGGERS, MIZE HAS A BIG LEAGUE AVERAGE OF .331. HE HIT 43 HOME RUNS IN 1940 TO TIE THE LEAGUE RECORD FOR LEFT-HANDED HITTERS
MIZE IS BACK
THAT'S NOTHING YOU SHOULD SEE HIM REACH FOR HIS WHEATIES
I LIKE 'EM HANDY
"I LIKE TO KEEP WHEATIES IN A HANDY SPOT IN THE KITCHEN" SAYS JOHNNY MIZE "I'VE FOUND THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES MAKE MIGHTY FINE EATING ANY TIME. LIKE MOST BALL PLAYERS I KNOW, I EAT WHEATIES AT BREAKFAST -- BUT I LIKE 'EM BETWEEN MEALS AND BEFORE BEDTIME, TOO. I HOPE YOU'RE GETTING THIS EXTRA FUN FROM WHEATIES YOURSELF"
USE COUPON ON YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
BIG JAWN'S OUTSTANDING RECORD IS HITTING 3 HOMERS PER GAME IN 4 GAMES. FIRST BASEMAN MIZE IS A CHAMPION FIELDER TOO - ONCE PLAYED 61 GAMES WITHOUT AN ERROR
"I'VE SEEN GOOD COACHING TURN A FAIR ATHLETE INTO A REAL CHAMPION," JOHNNY MIZE WILL TELL YOU "AND I'M BETTING GOOD COACHING CAN DO PLENTY TO HELP YOU. THAT'S WHY I HOPE YOU GET WHEATIES NEW BASEBALL BOOKS. THERE IS ONE ON 'THE OFFENSIVE GAME' (I'M IN THAT BOOK) AND ONE ON 'THE DEFENSIVE GAME' I THINK THEY'LL DO A BANG-UP JOB OF IMPROVING YOUR GAME. BETTER CHECK ME UP ON THAT RIGHT AWAY."

HAYFOOT HENRY



THIS IS A TALE OF BETRAYAL AND WORSE THAT STARTED OVER AN ODD LITTLE VERSE. A DEEP-ROOTED FRIENDSHIP IS RIVEN ASUNDER, SOFT WORDS ARE QUICKLY CHARGED WITH THUNDER, A MUTUAL ASSISTANCE PACT DESTROYED, AN AGREEMENT RENDERED NULL AND VOID, WHEN HENRY THE COP, THE PRIDE OF THE FORCE, ENCOUNTERS THE MAN WITH

"THE RHYMING HORSE!"

HAYFOOT HENRY, SAFE AT HOME, RACKS THE BRAINS WITHIN HIS DOME!

HUH? DO I REALLY SEE A COWBOY THERE?
HENRY THE COP! I'VE SOUGHT YOU EVERYWHERE THE TYCOON OF VERSE! THE KING OF RHYME! THE LEXICOGRAPHER AND POET SUBLIME!
SO YOU'VE NOT COME TO SEE THE COP BUT THE POET! FROM YOUR APPEARANCE. I NEVER WOULD KNOW IT!
I'M THE COWBOY MINSTREL, LOCO LOU! I'VE GALLOPED MANY MILES FOR A WORD WITH YOU!
YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN I'VE HEARD COULD AID MY SEARCH FOR A RHYME, YOU'LL BE WELL PAID!
PERHAPS I CAN! I'M REALLY QUITE SKILLED. JUST NAME THE WORD YOUR REQUEST'LL BE FILLED.
THANK YUH, PARDNER. "APPLESAUCE" IS THE WORD!
HUH! MY RHYME! BUT THIS IS ABSURD! A FOUL JOKE! AN UNDERHAND BLOW! PICKING THE ONE WORD I DON'T KNOW!
PARDNER--YUH MEAN, YUH NEED THE SAME RHYME? AND I TRAVELLED SO FAR! I LOST SO MUCH TIME! YOU'RE NOT AS GOOD AS YOU'RE CRACKED UP TO BE! BUT AS LONG AS I'M HERE, PLEASE LISTEN TO ME!
LET'S BE PARDNERS IN FINDING THIS RHYME. TWO BRAINS ARE BETTER THAN ONE, ANYTIME!
LOU, MY LAD A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION. PARTNERS WE ARE. TILL WE SOLVE THIS RHYME QUESTION!

LET'S GO, OLD PAL! LET'S GET ON THE TRAIL! UNITED, IT'S CERTAIN THAT WE WON'T FAIL!
THIS RHYMING CRISIS WILL SURELY BE WEATHERED. HUH--MY NAG ISN'T WHERE I LEFT HER TETHERED!
MY NAG'S BEEN STOLEN! THERE'S A HOSS-THIEF IN TOWN! QUICK--CALL A COP! LET'S RUN THE BUZZARD DOWN!
IF I MAY REMIND YOU, I'M ALSO A COP. ER--UNTIL OUR RHYME IS GOTTEN, LET'S LET THE HORSE DROP!
BUT COWBOYS DON'T WALK, IT'S AGAINST ALL TRADITION! I'D BE LIKE A MAN IN A SITTING POSITION!
WE'LL FIND YOUR HORSE WHEN OUR RHYME QUEST HAS CEASED. OUR RHYME'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN A FOUR-LEGGED BEAST!
A RHYME'S A RHYME, BUT WHAT'S A MERE CRIME? WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT-- "APPLE SAUCE" OR A NAG?
WITHOUT MY NAG NO RHYME'S WORTH A DIME! ARE YOU A COP OR A RHYMING WIND-BAG?
IS OUR PARTNERSHIP RUINED BEFORE IT'S BEGUN? ALL BECAUSE OF A HORSE? IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE!
AND I TELL YOU, YOU MUST FIND MY MOLINT! WITHOUT MY HOSS, RHYMES SIMPLY DON'T COUNT!
I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING LOWER OR WORSE THAN A MAN WHO SELLS OUT HIS PARTNER IN VERSE!
WHAT GOOD'S A COP SO BUSY WITH RHYME, HE AIN'T GOT TIME TO SOLVE ANY CRIME?

HENRY'S IN A FIGHT! WHAT'S IT ABOUT?
I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING THE WAY THEY SHOUT.
IN VERSE AN INTEREST HE FALSELY PROCLAIMED!
FOR MISSING MY HOSS, I CAN'T BE BLAMED!
A RHYME FOR "APPLESAUCE." CAN ANYONE SUGGEST?
WHO STOLE MY SPOTTED HOSS? DON'T LISTEN TO THIS PEST!
OVER A HORSE YOU CAN'T CALL ME PEST!
WHY ARE THEY FIGHTING? OVER A HORSE?
A HORSE? WHY, NO-- "APPLESAUCE" OF COURSE.
THEN WHY ISN'T THE HOSS-THIEF UNDER ARREST?
YOU RHYMING RENEGADE! YOU SHAME THE FORCE!
YOU DON'T APPRECIATE-- HUH?? WHY--IT'S A HORSE!
MY HOSS! YOU'RE BACK! MY PRECIOUS DAPPLE HOSS!
EUREKA-- THAT'S IT! THE RHYME FOR "APPLESAUCE"!
DAPPLE HOSS! APPLESAUCE! MY HOSS HAS FOUND THE RHYME! SHE'S SMARTER THAN HENRY! SHE KNEW IT ALL THE TIME!
WHY SHOULD I WORRY IF YOU CREDIT YOUR HORSE? I'VE GOT MY RHYME. I WON'T QUESTION THE SOURCE.

GOLLYGOSH! FUNNY PAPER PEOPLE ON BUTTONS!
GEE-SUPERMAN, ANDY GUMP! WOW! DO THEY COST VERY MUCH?
NO, I GOT THEM AS PRIZES!
PRIZES?!!!
SURE! YOU GET ONE BUTTON AS A PRIZE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S PEP!
MOTHER, MOTHER, WILL YOU GET US-- SOME KELLOGG'S PEP, WILL YOU PLEASE?
PEP? WHY THAT'S "THE SUNSHINE CEREAL"
M-M-M, PEP TASTES GOOD!
AND WE GET SWELL BUTTONS LIKE THIS!
Kellogg's PEP
WHOLE WHEAT
THE SUNSHINE CEREAL
GET GRAND PRIZE BUTTONS WITH
Kellogg's PEP!
ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE— 18 Buttons in All!
OLIVE OYL
POPEYE
MAGGIE
DAGWOOD
UNCLE WILLIE
JIGGS
SUPERMAN
ANDY GUMP
HANS
BLONDIE
JUNIOR TRACY
FRITZ
RIP WINKLE
EMMY
LITTLE KIMIE
DON WINSLOW
LORD PLUSHBOTTOM
POP JENKS
Collect 'em—swap 'em—wear 'em! One of these shining, all-metal buttons ready to pin on is a prize in every package of Kellogg's PEP. Ask mom to get you Kellogg's PEP today!
LISTEN TO
Tune in daily, Monday through Friday, for the thrilling adventures of Superman. Your local paper tells time and station.
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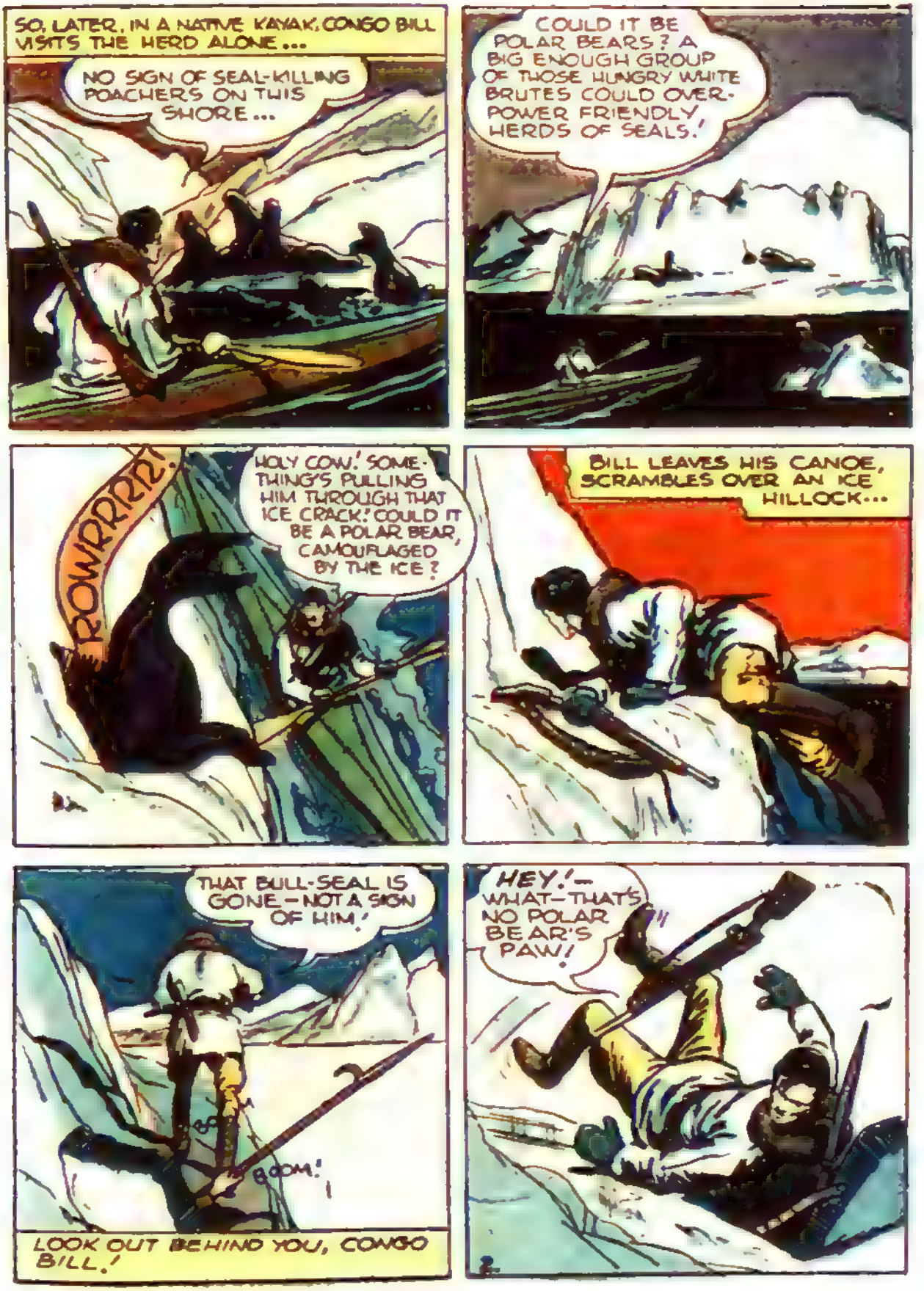
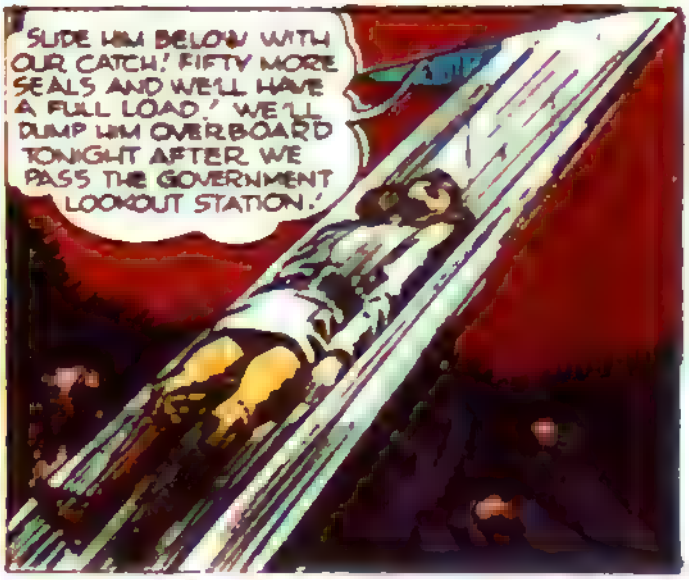
CONGO BILL
THROUGH STEAMING TORTUOUS JUNGLES, OVER WATERLESS DESERTS, INTO THE GLACIER GRIPPED NORTHLAND, CONGO BILL WAS FOLLOWED HIDDEN TRAILS IN A SEARCH FOR ADVENTURE AND THE WORLD'S STRANGEST MAMMALS. BUT EVEN HIS GREAT KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANIMAL WORLD, HIS FEARLESS COURAGE, MAY NOT BE ENOUGH WHEN PITTED AGAINST THE LURKING EVIL FORCES THAT AWAIT HIM IN...
"The CASE of the CAPTIVE SEALS!"
S.O.S. ALL WILD LIFE EXPERTS! GOVERNMENT-PROTECTED SEAL HERDS ARE VANISHING! CAN CONGO BILL'S VAST KNOWLEDGE OF ANIMAL LORE SAVE THEM?
THERE THEY ARE, BILL. BUT EVERY DAY ABOUT 500 OF THE HERD DISAPPEAR.
HMM... IT'S NOT THEIR MIGRATORY SEASON... AND THEY CAN'T VANISH INTO THIN AIR!
THIS IS THE LAST OF THE HERDS, BILL! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE IT!
I'LL DO MY BEST!
1


SO, LATER, IN A NATIVE KAYAK, CONGO BILL VISITS THE HERD ALONE...
NO SIGN OF SEAL-KILLING POACHERS ON THIS SHORE...
COULD IT BE POLAR BEARS? A BIG ENOUGH GROUP OF THOSE HUNGRY WHITE BRUTES COULD OVER-POWER FRIENDLY HERDS OF SEALS!
ROWRRRR!
HOLY COW! SOMETHING'S PULLING HIM THROUGH THAT ICE CRACK! COULD IT BE A POLAR BEAR, CAMOUFLAGED BY THE ICE?
BILL LEAVES HIS CANOE, SCRAMBLES OVER AN ICE HILLOCK...
THAT BULL-SEAL IS GONE—NOT A SIGN OF HIM!
BOOM!
LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU, CONGO BILL!
HEY!—WHAT—THAT'S NO POLAR BEAR'S PAW!

WELCOME, SNOOPER! HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR SEAL TRAP? HAW! HAW!
WELL, WELL! A SHIP CAMOUFLAGED TO LOOK LIKE AN ICEBERG!
SURE! WATER HOSES SPRAY THE SHIP EVERY NIGHT. THE WATER FREEZES AND BUILDS AN ICEBERG TOP. CLEVER, EH?
SO THIS IS HOW YOU POACHERS MAKE SEAL HERDS VANISH!
CROSS-SECTION OF THE SHIP
RIGHT! JUST AS YOU'RE GOING TO VANISH, CONGO BILL!
NOT BEFORE I HAVE MY SAY- THIS!
OOWW! HOOK HIM, YOU FOOLS!
IF IT'S HOOKS YOU LIKE - HERE'S ONE ON THE CHIN!
OKAY, WISE GUY! HERE'S A CLUB FOR YOUR HEAD!
3.

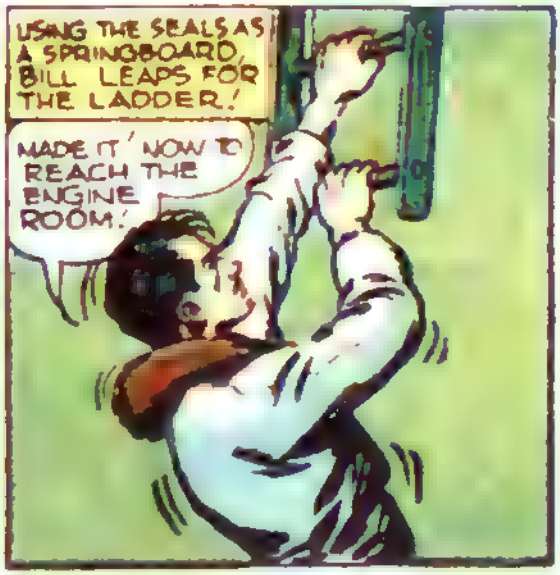
SOCK!
AAHGH!


SLIDE HIM BELOW WITH OUR CATCH! FIFTY MORE SEALS AND WE'LL HAVE A FULL LOAD. WE'LL DUMP HIM OVERBOARD TONIGHT AFTER WE PASS THE GOVERNMENT LOOKOUT STATION.

HOURS LATER, CONGO BILL REVIVES IN THE SEAL VAULT...
THEY'LL KILL THE SEALS—AND ME—ONCE WE'VE PASSED THAT GOVERNMENT LOOKOUT STATION! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST.

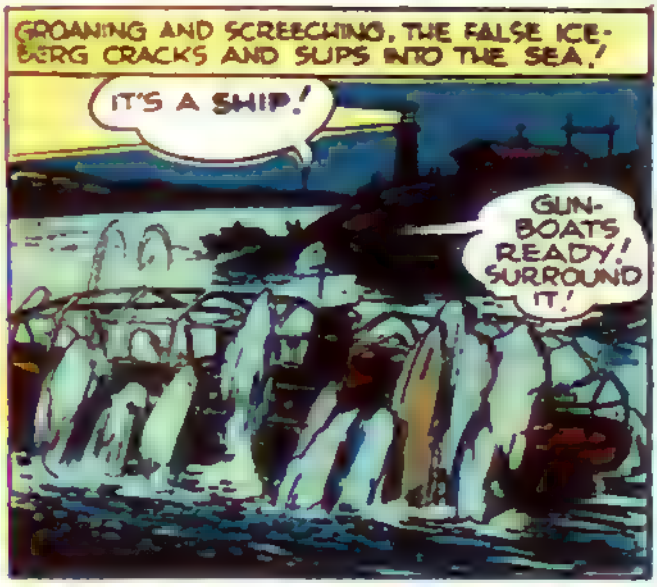
THE SHIP'S SIDES ARE IRON... AND I CAN'T REACH THAT LADDER. BUT IF I CAN TRAIN THESE SEALS TO HELP ME, MAYBE...

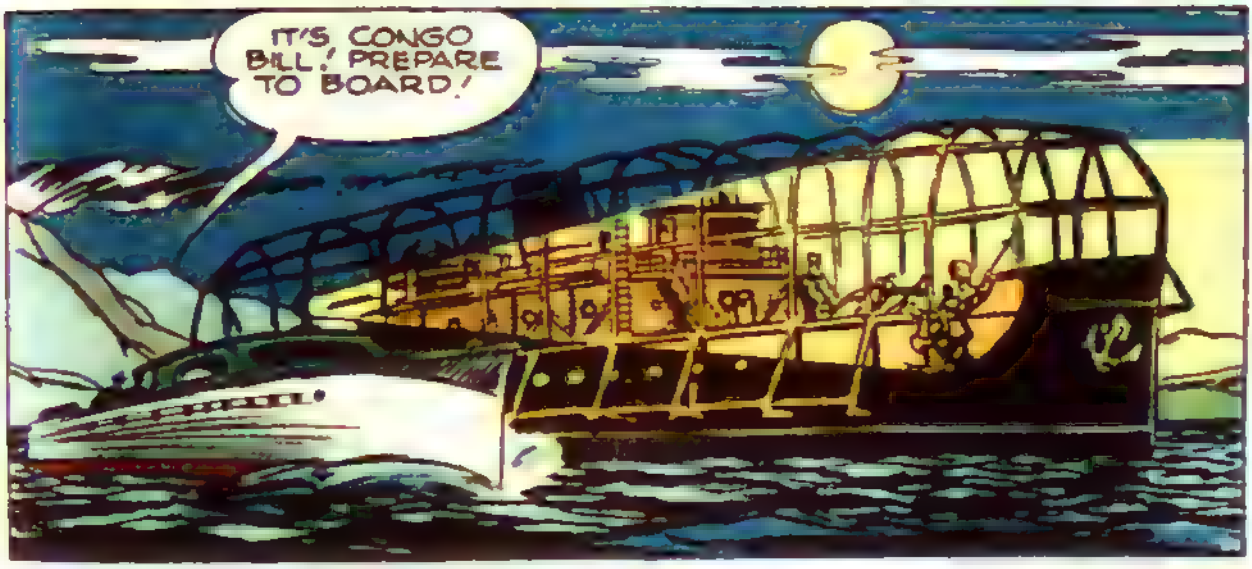
TRAIN SEALS TO BALANCE BOOTS ON THEIR NOSES? BUT WHY?
YOU FELLOWS LEARN PLENTY IN 20 MINUTES! NOW, SEE IF YOU CAN BALANCE ME!


USING THE SEALS AS A SPRINGBOARD, BILL LEAPS FOR THE LADDER!
MADE IT! NOW TO REACH THE ENGINE ROOM!

WELL, WELL, THE TOUGH BOYS GUARDING THE ENGINE ROOM...
YOU BOYS HERD THE SEALS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE ENGINE ROOM!
CRACK!
IN THE ENGINE ROOM...
THESE PUMP HOSES THAT SPRAY THIS ICEBERG SHIP GIVE ME AN IDEA!
THIS SALT THEY USE TO KEEP THE SEAL MEAT FROM SPOILING WILL NOW BE USED TO SPOIL THEIR THIEVING PLOT. NOW TO CUT OFF THE WATER INTAKE AND START THE MACHINES SPRAYING SALT ON THE ICEBERG! IF IT WORKS...
SALT
SALT
SALT
AS THE GUTTERING, ICY RAIDER SURGES THROUGH MOONLIT WATER...
THERE GO THE PUMPS! THE GANG BELOW IS RENEWING OUR ICE CAMOUFLAGE BEFORE WE PASS THE LOOKOUT STATION.
WE'RE HEADED FOR OPEN WATER WITH A FULL LOAD OF SEALS. EVEN CONGO BILL COULDN'T STOP US!
WE'LL SOON BE OPPOSITE THE GOVERNMENT STATION! GO BELOW AND STOP THOSE PUMPS!

THE SEAL-RAIDERS DRIFT SILENTLY PAST THE LOOKOUT STATION, UNAWARE THAT THEIR CAMOUFLAGE IS MELTING!
WONDER WHERE CONGO BILL—? HEY—LOOK!
THAT ICEBERG! IT'S MELTING! IN MIDWINTER!


GROANING AND SCREECHING, THE FALSE ICEBERG CRACKS AND SLIPS INTO THE SEA!
IT'S A SHIP!
GUNBOATS READY! SURROUND IT!


IT'S CONGO BILL! PREPARE TO BOARD!

AS THE GOVERNMENT AGENTS STAND BY, CONGO BILL EXPLAINS...
HOW DID I SPLIT THE ICEBERG COVER? I POURED SALT IN THE WATER HOSE, SPRAYED IT ON THE ICE... SALT, AS YOU KNOW, MELTS ICE...
GOOD WORK, BILL! NOW WE'LL HOIST THE SEALS OVERBOARD!
6

ONCE AGAIN, THE SEAL HERD ROVES THE NORTH SEAS, SAVED FROM EXTINCTION BY THE SKILL OF CONGO BILL...
YOU'LL GET A LONG STRETCH IN JAIL FOR THIS! THOSE SEALS ARE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF UNCLE SAM!
SO LONG, PALS—AND THANKS!
THE END

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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

KANGAROO—

JUST SEE WHAT HE HAS IN HIS POCKET! A BUNDLE OF BOOKS WITH THIS SYMBOL OF WORTH— GET YOUR SHARE BEFORE HE CAN LOCK IT!

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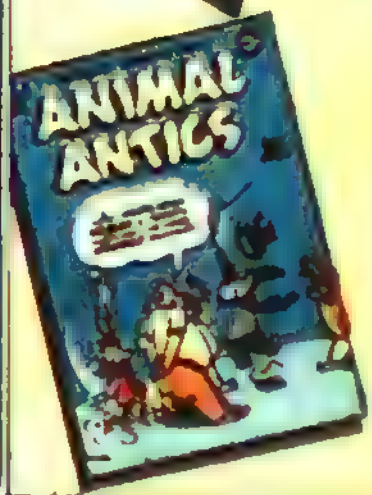


—ON THE COVER OF ANIMAL ANTICS FOR EXAMPLE! IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ANY COMIC MAGAZINE!

INDIAN SIGN

By BEN BALLARD

COLLIER, the butler at the Marble house, said: "Snatching the kid will be easy, Benny. His folks are going away for the weekend and they're letting him stay home to attend some sort of Boy Scout gathering. There's a cool $25,000 in ransom money. You know old Marble. He won't stand for any kind of publicity. I tell you he'll pay."

"If I read the papers correctly and I think I do," said Benny Bimini, "that grandson of his is the apple of the old man's eye." He shrugged. "Things are tough and the boys are getting restless. What's your plan?"

It was really a very simple one. Collier, in the station wagon, would drive young Tommy Marble supposedly to his rendezvous with the Boy Scouts. They were celebrating some kind of anniversary. Benny Bimini and the boys would hold up the station wagon and grab the lad.

Thus, promptly at nine in the morning on Saturday, the Collier station wagon rolled down the beautifully flagged driveway of the Marble estate. Sitting proudly alongside Collier was young Tommy, freshly scrubbed, and wearing his Boy Scout outfit with its multitudinous merit badges. The boy was proud of being a Scout, and, despite the tremendous wealth at his fingertips, had proved a good one.

He chatted gaily with the unresponsive Collier. "Look at those trees, Collier," he said, "that's a beech. And there's a maple. And an ash." The birds, too, fell under his scrutiny. He knew them all, Collier grudgingly admitted.

Collier drove the car rapidly down the highway. His eyes watched the roadside and, when it came time to make the turn, he said, "Is there a policeman behind me, Tommy?"

The boy turned. "No," he said. He sat back in his seat. It was a few moments before he noticed their whereabouts. "Hey, we're going the wrong way!"

"No, we're not. This is a short cut."

The boy shook his head. "Not this way," he said decisively, "you'd better turn back." He sat forward abruptly. "Look out, there's a car across the road!"

The station wagon skidded to a stop. At that instant, Benny Bimini and his two boys, Lefty and Lugs, leaped from the shiny black sedan parked across the road. Lefty and Lugs grabbed the protesting Tommy, who began to struggle. Benny reached over, struck Collier on the head, according to plan. The latter slumped over the wheel of the station wagon.

"Ouch!" Lefty drew away his hand where Tommy's sharp teeth had bit into it. Lefty lunged at the boy.

"Take it easy," Benny Bimini warned. "Don't muss him up. We've got to deliver him back in one piece."

Tommy's heart sank. A kidnaping! He ceased to struggle. Benny Bimini looked at him. "That's better, sonny," he said approvingly. "You don't cause any trouble, you don't get hurt. Now get into that car."

Meekly, Tommy followed Benny Bimini into the sedan, got in the back seat between Lefty and Lugs. His young mind throbbed with excitement.

Over his shoulder, Benny Bimini said, "No one's going to hurt you, kid, if you behave. But make one bad move and Lefty'll show you what he's got under his coat."

At this, Lefty grinned evilly, opened his coat and displayed a holstered revolver. "Know what that is, kid?"

"A .38 police special," Tommy said.

Lugs chortled. "A quiz kid! We snatched a quiz kid!" He patted Tommy mockingly on the head. "Bright Boy Scout," he said, chuckling. "Haw! Maybe I'd a been one, too."

Tommy wanted to say that it might have done Lugs some good, but he didn't say it. Instead, he sat quietly and watched the roadside.

They didn't try to hide the scenery from him. Professional crooks like Benny Bimini and his boys had enough pride to figure Tommy wouldn't dare try to escape. They also knew their hideout would be new to Tommy.

It was. New and strange scenery flashed past the windows of the car. Then they rode on for hours, climbing high into the hills.

The afternoon sun was slowly sinking, leaving a purple haze in its wake as they approached their

destination. Suddenly Lugs guffawed "Haw, looks that, kid! There's a lot of your pals"

Tommy's pulse quickened as his eyes followed the direction of Lugs' finger. There they were, a troop of Boy Scouts, camping out If only he could call them. He bit his lips. That he knew would be out of the question. He closed his eyes and suddenly felt afraid

About a mile later the car stopped. The hideout was high up on the side of the hills, a rude cabin that had served Benny Bimini and the boys well in other days when the heat had been on them

"Okay, kid," Benny Bimini said. "You can get out now."

Grateful for the respite, Tommy got out, stretching his cramped legs The sun had gone down. It was getting colder in the hills.

It was chilly inside the cabin, and Lefty grumbled when Benny Bimini told him to start a fire. Tommy spoke up. "I'll do it," he said. "I know how."

"Okay, kid," Benny Bimini said gruffly. "Go to it Lefty'll get the food"

Fifteen minutes later, Tommy had a fire roaring in the fireplace Lefty proved a good cook, too, and, after dinner, Tommy felt better. He almost felt happy despite his predicament. "Somehow," he told himself, "my grandfather will find me"

It was almost as though Benny Bimini had read his thoughts. "All we're asking your grandfather for is twenty five gees, kid," he said, "think the old man will kick in?"

Tommy shook his head. "Never. He knows I can take care of myself."

Lugs chortled at that one. "Listen to the quiz kid," he howled "*He* can take care of himself!"

Lefty looked up "Better not try to get away, kid," he said curtly, "I'm responsible for you." He tapped his gun "And I'll be around you every minute." He grunted "G'wan and put some more wood on the fire. I don't want it to go out tonight."

There wasn't any wood in the woodbox. Tommy, accompanied by Lefty, went out and got some. Most of it was wet. "This won't burn well," he said. "It'll probably smoke out the place and . . ."

He stopped. Smoke out? Then he smiled to himself. "However, I'll show you how to make it do."

Inside, he got his axe from his pack, split the wood in order to get at the dry part. Some of the wet logs he left beside the fireplace. They wouldn't dry out in a hurry, he decided. Lugs was outspoken in his admiration of Tommy's woodcraft and insisted on calling him a quiz kid again "Any good Boy Scout knows what to do with wood," Tommy defended He was anxious to get to bed, to sleep until morning.

And being a healthy, normal boy, he did just that The first bright rays of sun found him wide awake Lefty was drowsing in a chair by the door. He opened his eyes as Tommy got out of bed. "Where you goin'?"

"I've got to get the fire started," Tommy said, his heart in his mouth. What if they decided they didn't need a fire during the day?

"Okay," Lefty said sleepily. "Go ahead."

Tommy walked over, touched the logs he had left the night before. They were still wet. He put them in the fireplace, on the smouldering embers. Soon smoke began to pour from the fireplace. "Say," Lefty growled, as Benny Bimini and Lugs slept "Fix that fire!"

Tommy's heart was beating faster with excitement "I'm trying to," he said "No use splitting this wood. It's soaked clean through. Here, this will do it." He grabbed a blanket from the bed, began fanning the smoke away from Lefty's direction

The latter watched him for a moment, then closed his eyes again Tommy continued his experiment "If only they see it," he murmured, "they'll understand"

It was noon when they arrived. There was no fight Benny Bimini, Lefty and Lugs just sat at the table and stared as the two State Troopers burst into the cabin with guns drawn Behind them came a troop of Boy Scouts.

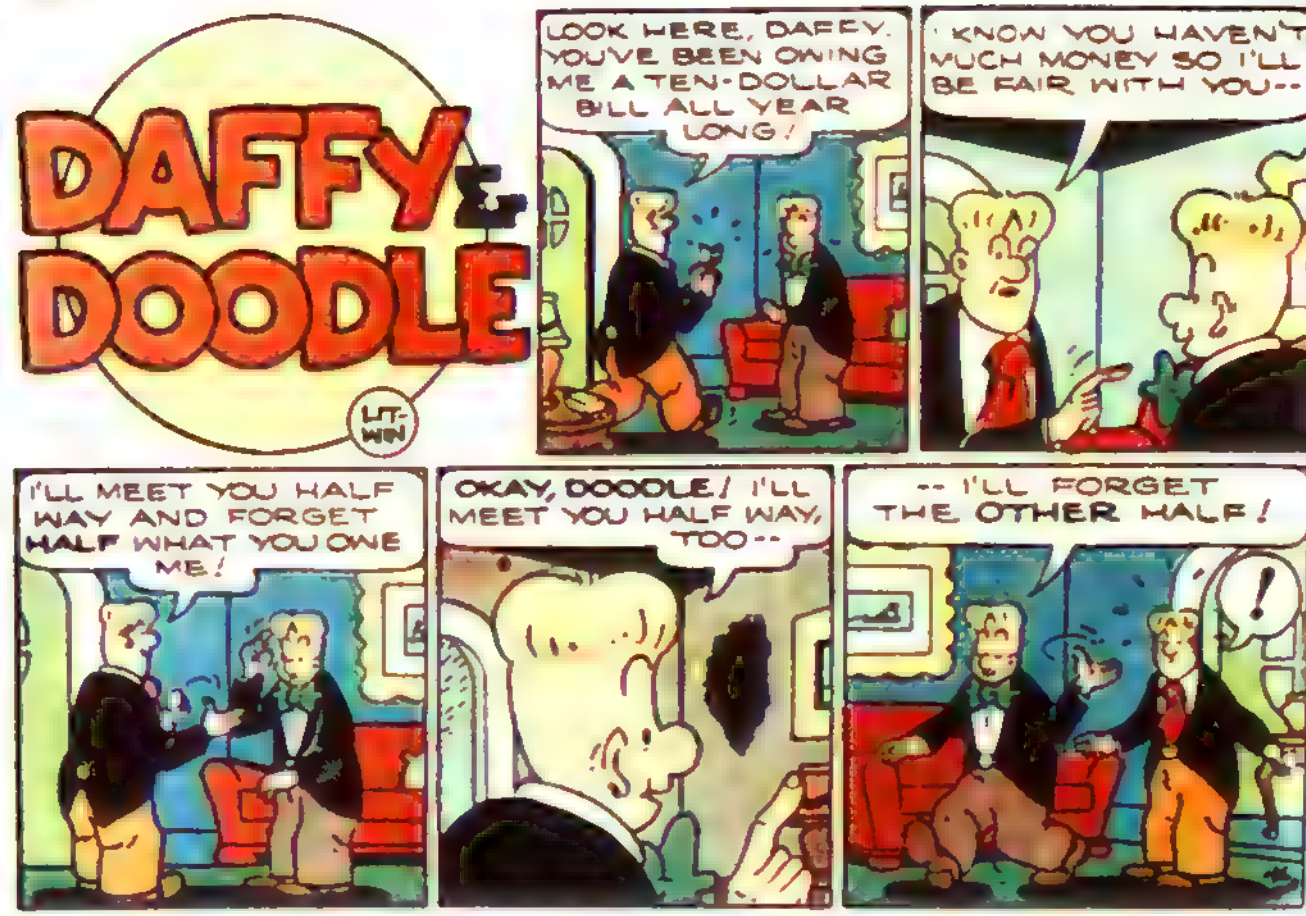
Benny Bimini's mouth dropped open. He gasped as one of the troopers said to Tommy, "Pretty smart trick, kid, using a smoke signal to get help These Boy Scouts got it right away Then they got us."

"Smoke signal," Benny Bimini breathed, while Lefty winced. "Smoke signal?"

"An old Indian means of communication, Benny," said Tommy. "And still in use—by Boy Scouts"

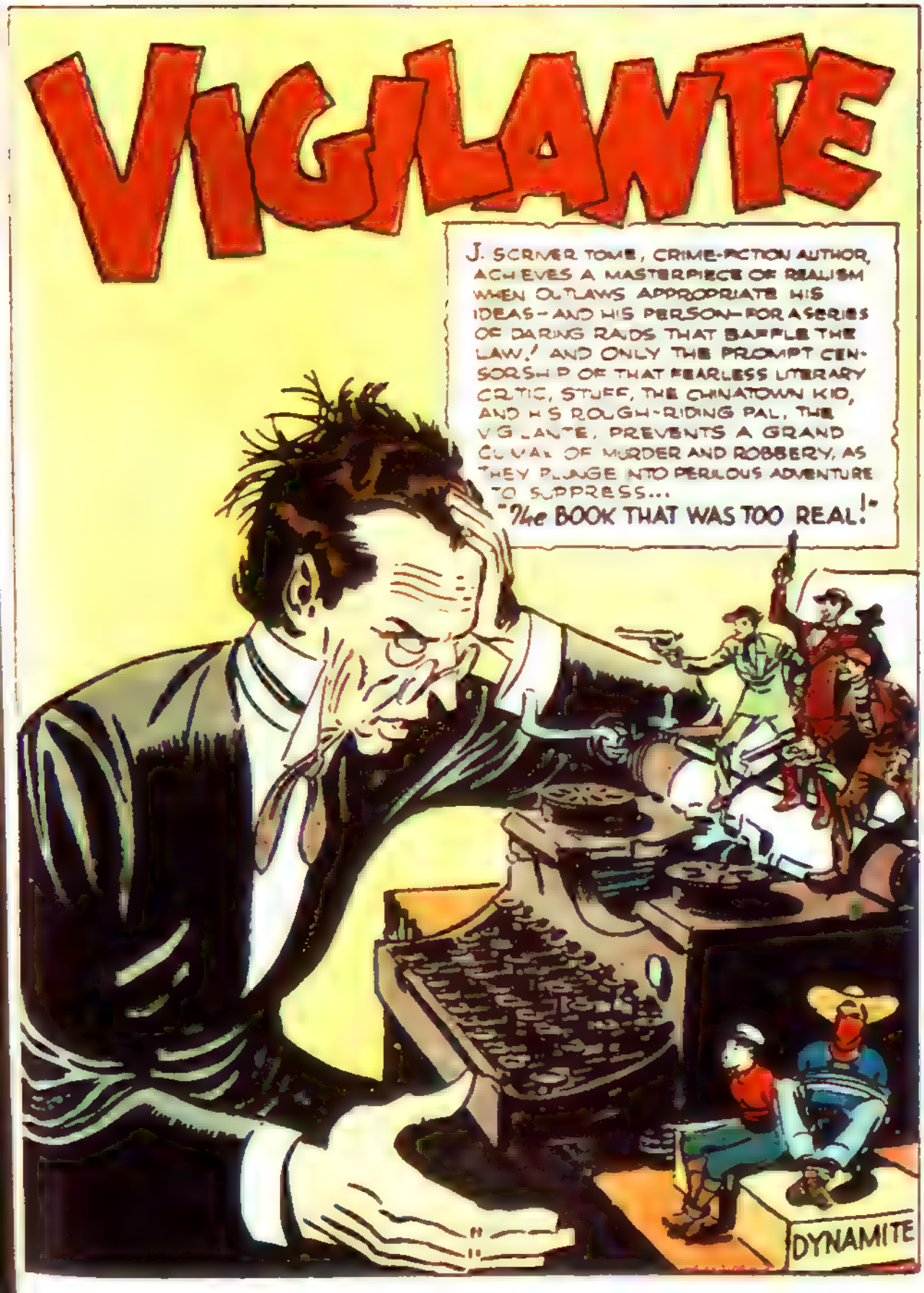
"That Collier," groaned Lugs, "a *quiz kid* he gives us to snatch!"

SUNSHINE NELLY
THAT'S BRIGHT LIL ME
HE WONT GO TO THE DENTIST!
YOW!
LET ME HANDLE HIM. I'LL USE A LITTLE PSYCHOLOGY ON THE YOUNGSTER.
THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR. WATCH ME. I'LL SIT IN THE DENTIST'S CHAIR MYSELF!
WHISPER
I DON'T NEED TREATMENT. DOC I'M JUST DOING THIS TO GIVE THE KID COURAGE.
OH!
BUT YOU DO NEED WORK DONE, NELLY, AND IMMEDIATELY.
OOG PHLIB GLUB
LATER -
OUCH! WILL I EVER LEARN!
DENTISTS BILL
$64.73
THE END


DAFFY & DOODLE
LIT-WIN
LOOK HERE, DAFFY. YOU'VE BEEN OWING ME A TEN-DOLLAR BILL ALL YEAR LONG!
I KNOW YOU HAVEN'T MUCH MONEY SO I'LL BE FAIR WITH YOU--
I'LL MEET YOU HALF WAY AND FORGET HALF WHAT YOU OWE ME!
OKAY, DOODLE! I'LL MEET YOU HALF WAY, TOO--
-- I'LL FORGET THE OTHER HALF!

Advertisement

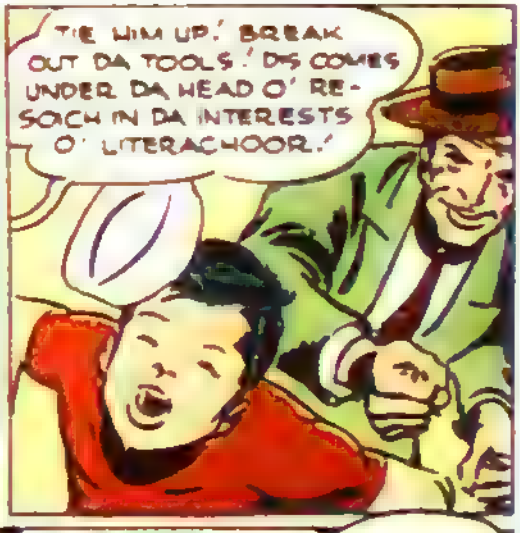
IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM
DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM MAKES BIGGER AND BETTER BUBBLES!
YEAH... IT'S A BIG, BIG PIECE WRAPPED IN FUNNIES!
IT'S FUNNY HOW MUCH YOU GET FOR A PENNY... ISN'T IT BENNY?
HOT DOG, LOOK'T THE SIZE OF THAT BUBBLE!
ONLY TWO KINDS OF KIDS LIKE DUBBLE BUBBLE... BOYS AND GIRLS!
FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM IS IN THE GROOVE, TOO!
I ASKED PEE WEE FOR THE "FRANKS" AND HE SAID, "YOU'RE WELCOME" HA! HA!
HEY, DIZZY, GET SOME WATER QUICK... OUR CAMP FIRE IS BURNING!
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM
IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE


VIGILANTE
J. SCRIVER TOME, CRIME-FICTION AUTHOR, ACHIEVES A MASTERPIECE OF REALISM WHEN OUTLAWS APPROPRIATE HIS IDEAS—AND HIS PERSON—FOR A SERIES OF DARING RAIDS THAT BAFFLE THE LAW! AND ONLY THE PROMPT CENSORSHIP OF THAT FEARLESS LITERARY CRITIC, STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, AND HIS ROUGH-RIDING PAL, THE VIGILANTE, PREVENTS A GRAND CARNIVAL OF MURDER AND ROBBERY, AS THEY PLUNGE INTO PERILOUS ADVENTURE TO SUPPRESS...
"The BOOK THAT WAS TOO REAL!"
DYNAMITE

LIFE CAN BE BORING, EVEN FOR STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID...
HO-HUM! WISH I HAD AN EXCITIN' BOOK TO READ!
BUT NOT FOR LONG!
HUH???
THE BAFFLING BANDIT BY J. SCRIVER TOME
OH, I SAY, I'M FRIGHTFULLY SORRY!
CAN YOU BEAT THAT? I WAS JUST THINKIN' ABOUT BOOKS, AND ONE DROPS IN MY LAP!
AH, AN INTELLECTUAL YOUNG MAN! PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL ME WHERE I MIGHT FIND A MR. BLAST BEADLE!
THAT MUG? WHY SHOULD ANYBODY BUT THE POLICE BE LOOKIN FOR HIM?
I READ IN THE PAPERS THAT HE WAS A REFORMED CRIMINAL, AND I HOPED HE COULD GIVE ME SOME CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM ON THIS CRIME NOVEL I HAVE WRITTEN!
MY NEWEST NOVEL, "THE BAFFLING BANDIT," IS ABOUT A CRIMINAL WHO IS TOO SMART FOR THE POLICE! I WONDERED IF HIS METHODS WOULD WORK IN REAL LIFE!
BLAST OUGHTTA KNOW! HE'S TRIED 'EM ALL! HE AND HIS PALS HANG OUT UPSTAIRS HERE!

IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF BLAST BEADLE, REFORMED CROOK ...
I'M A MAN O' ME WOID.! I'LL REFORM," I SAYS TA DA JUDGE-AN' FOR T'REE DAYS NOW I AIN'T STOLE NUTTIN'.!
WELL, WE'LL STARVE IF YA DON'T YIELD TA TEMPTATION PRETTY SOON!
DA COPS!
TAKE IT EASY, PAL! AIN'T WE ALL GOT CLEAR CONSCIENCES - EVEN IF WE AIN'T USED TO 'EM?
KNOCK! KNOCK!
IT'S DA BRAT WHAT HANGS AROUND WIT' DA VIGILANTE!
MISTER BRAT TO YOU, LIPS! I GOT A LITERARY GENTLEMAN WHO WANTS TO SEE BLAST.'
HMM! YOUR BOOK'S GOT SOME NICE IDEAS, TOME ' I LIKE DA ONE ABOUT LOWERIN' A TANK O' GAS T'ROUGH DA CEILIN' OF A JEWELRY STORE.'
O' COURSE, DA ONLY WAY TA "SELL ABOUT DESE SCHEMES IS TA TRY 'EM OUT.' NOW, DERE'S A PAWNSHOP RIGHT UNDER US, AN' WE GOT DA TOOLS FOR CUTTIN' A HOLE T'ROUGH.'
YEAH-AN' WE GOT A TANK O' LAUGHIN' GAS WE SWIPED FROM DAT DENTIST'S OFFICE WHEN WE WENT AFTER DA GOLD HE WAS FILLIN' TEETH WIT.'
NONE OF THAT MY GOOD MEN! IF YOU THINK I - J. SCRIVER TOME - SHALL PERMIT MY STORY TO BE USED FOR CRIMINAL PURPOSES - ULP!
SHADDUP, SAP.! DO YOU WANT ME TA PLUG YA?

COME ON, J. SCRIVER! LETS US INTELLECTUALS SHOW 'EM SOMETHING!
I DETEST VIOLENCE!

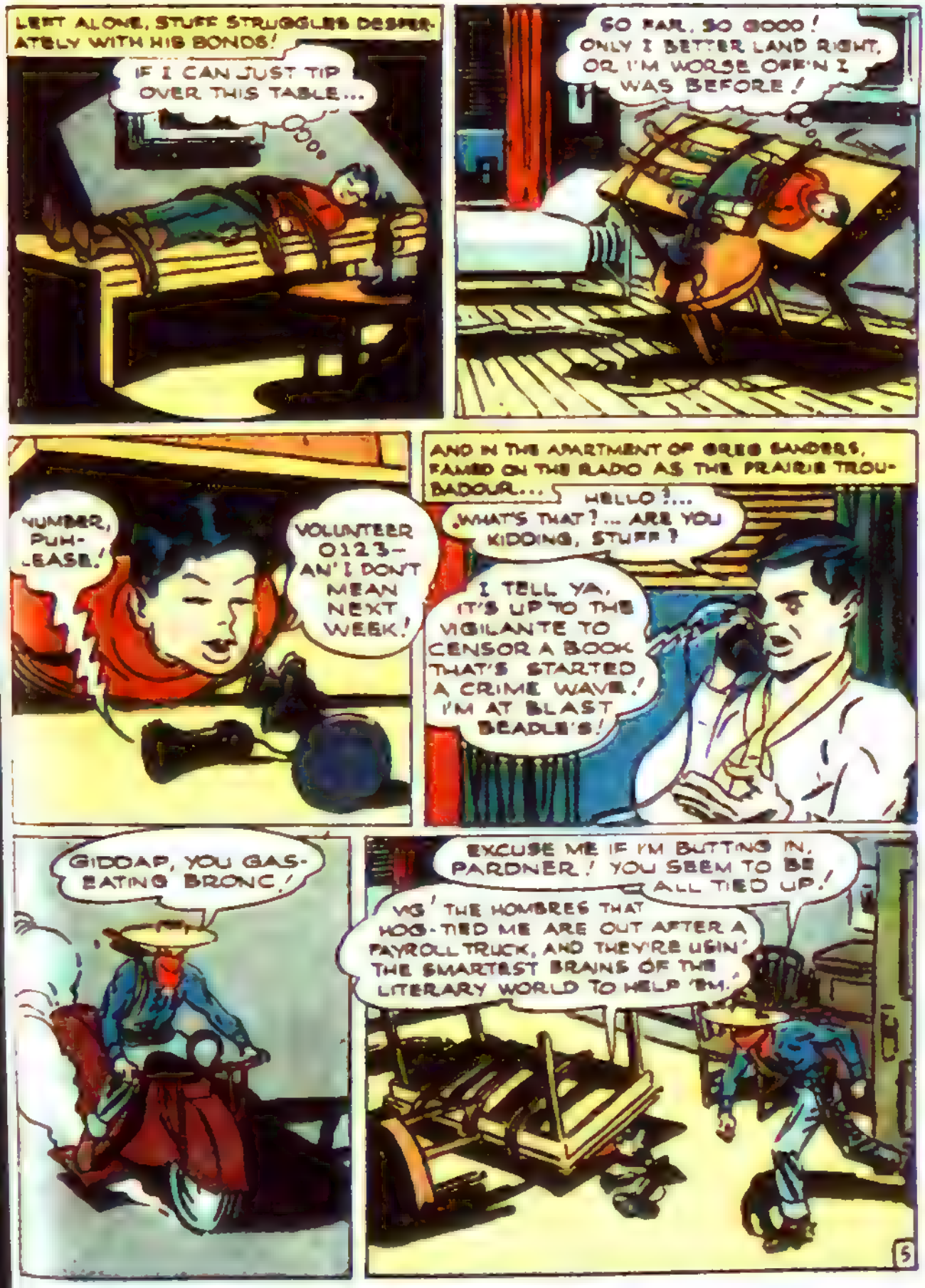

TIE HIM UP! BREAK OUT DA TOOLS! DIS COMES UNDER DA HEAD O' RE-SOICH IN DA INTERESTS O' LITERACHOOR!

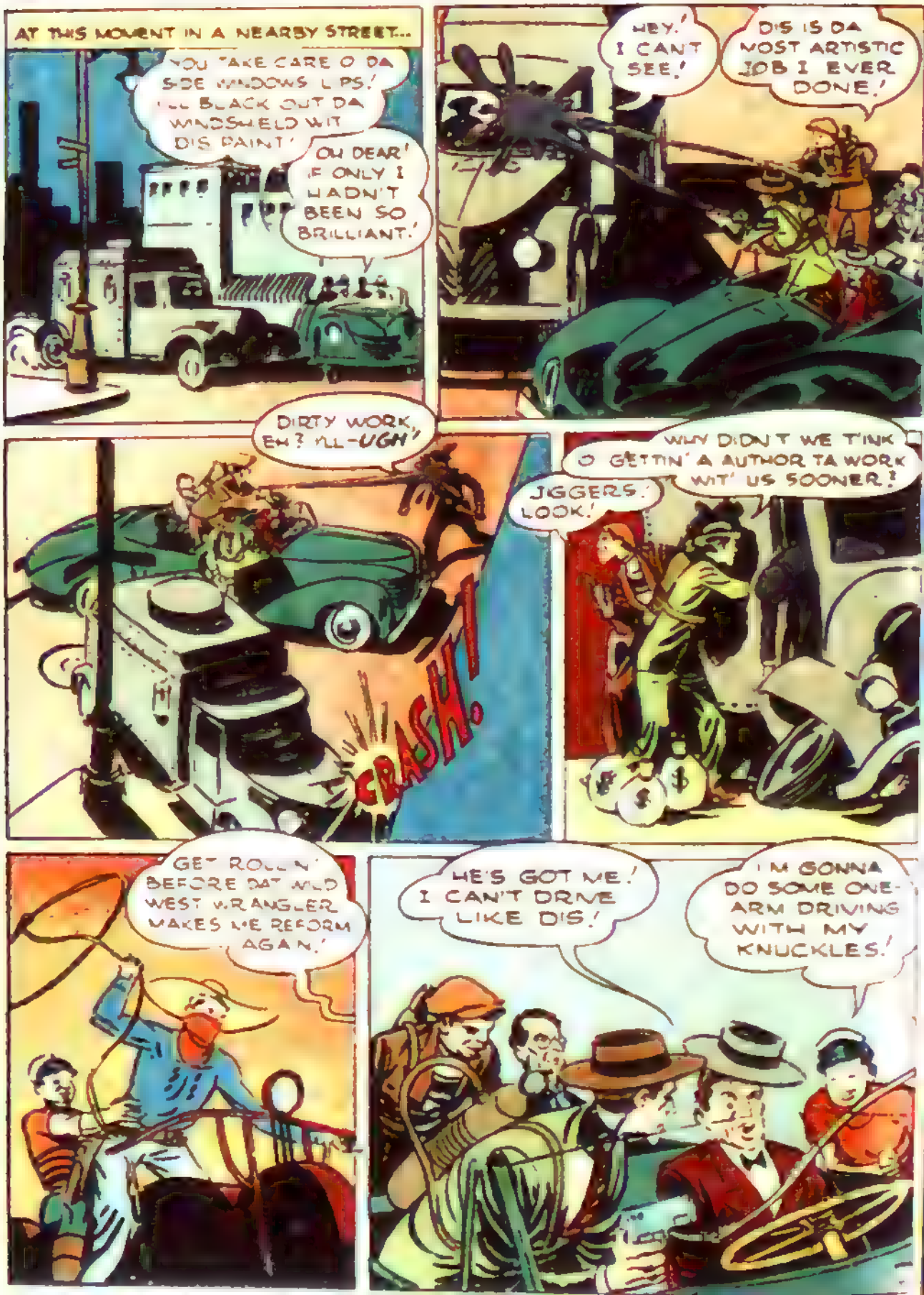
ALL YA GOTTA DO IS OBSOIVE, TOME, AN SEE HOW YA SCHEME WOIKS OUT!
OH, DEAR-I DO THINK THIS IS CARRYING IT A BIT TOO FAR!

DA PAWNSHOP OWNER IS SOUND ASLEEP! LIPS HAS LOCKED DA DOOR, AN' BLAST IS EMPTYIN' DA SAFE!
GRACIOUS!

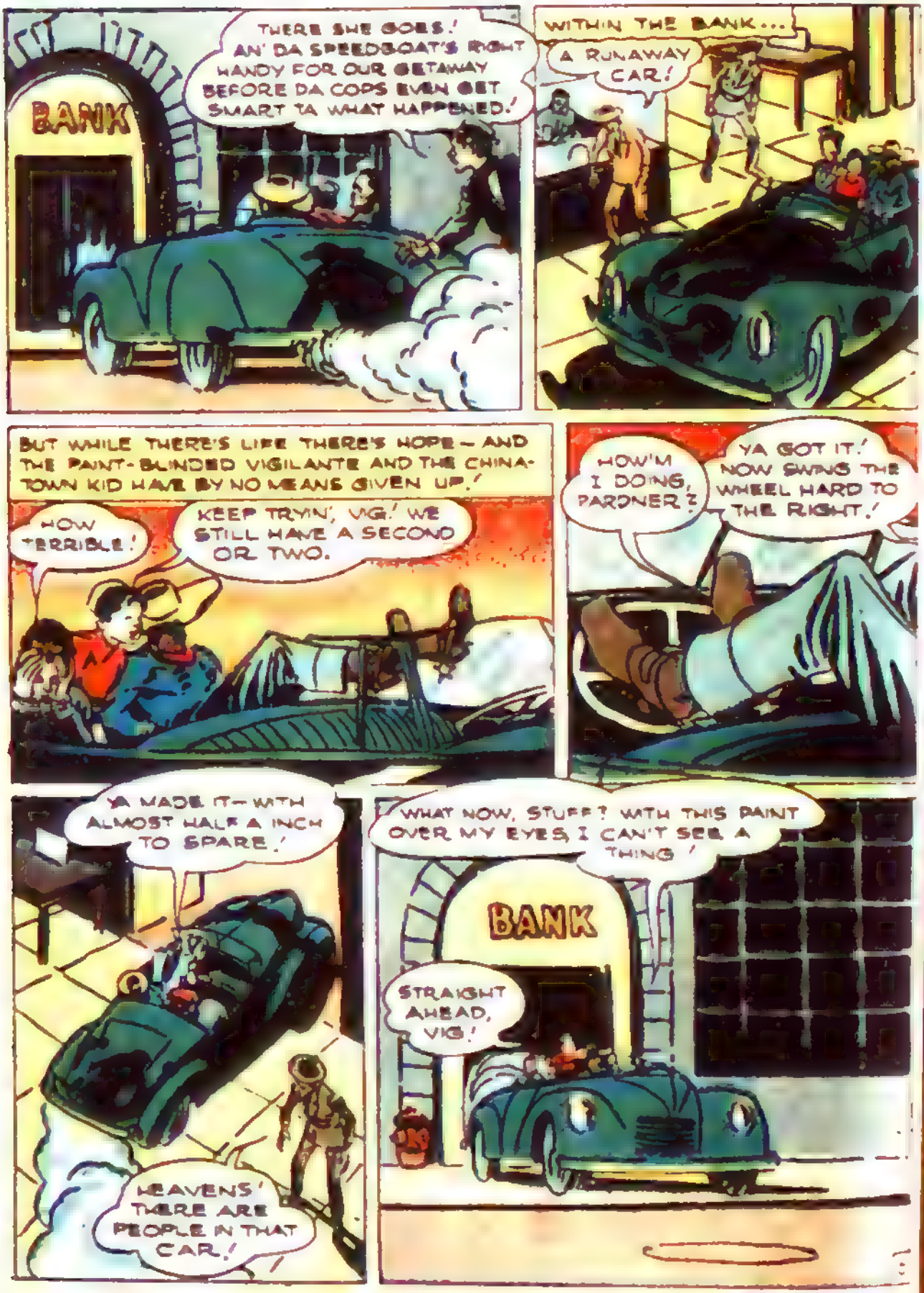
WE'LL JUST LEAVE YA HERE WHILE WE GO OUT TA TEST TOME'S OTHER IDEAS, LITTLE MAN!
I'LL WRITE MY BOOK, RAT!

WE'LL TAKE YA ALONG IN A ADVISORY CAPACITY, TOME, WHILE WE TRY OUT DAT PAINT-SPRAYIN' TRICK ON A PAYROLL TRUCK I HAD ME EYE ON!
DO YOU THINK MY PRESENCE IS ESSENTIAL? MY HEART REALLY ISN'T IN IT!


LEFT ALONE, STUFF STRUGGLES DESPERATELY WITH HIS BONDS!
IF I CAN JUST TIP OVER THIS TABLE...
SO FAR, SO GOOD! ONLY I BETTER LAND RIGHT, OR I'M WORSE OFF'N I WAS BEFORE!
NUMBER, PUH-LEASE!
VOLUNTEER 0123— AN' I DON'T MEAN NEXT WEEK!
AND IN THE APARTMENT OF GREG SANDERS, FAMED ON THE RADIO AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...
HELLO?...
WHAT'S THAT?... ARE YOU KIDDING, STUFF?
I TELL YA, IT'S UP TO THE VIGILANTE TO CENSOR A BOOK THAT'S STARTED A CRIME WAVE! I'M AT BLAST BEADLE'S!
GIDDAP, YOU GAS-EATING BRONC!
EXCUSE ME IF I'M BUTTING IN, PARDNER! YOU SEEM TO BE ALL TIED UP!
YUS! THE HOMBRES THAT HOG-TIED ME ARE OUT AFTER A PAYROLL TRUCK, AND THEY'RE USIN' THE SMARTEST BRAINS OF THE LITERARY WORLD TO HELP 'EM!
5


AT THIS MOMENT IN A NEARBY STREET...
YOU TAKE CARE O DA SIDE WINDOWS LIPS! I'LL BLACK OUT DA WINDSHIELD WIT DIS PAINT!
OH DEAR! IF ONLY I HADN'T BEEN SO BRILLIANT!
HEY! I CAN'T SEE!
DIS IS DA MOST ARTISTIC JOB I EVER DONE!
DIRTY WORK, EH? I'LL-UGH!
CRASH!
WHY DIDN'T WE T'INK O GETTIN' A AUTHOR TA WORK WIT' US SOONER!
JIGGERS! LOOK!
GET ROLLIN' BEFORE DAT WILD WEST WRANGLER MAKES ME REFORM AGAIN!
HE'S GOT ME! I CAN'T DRIVE LIKE DIS!
I'M GONNA DO SOME ONE-ARM DRIVING WITH MY KNUCKLES!

YOU'LL PAY FOR HITTING THAT YOUNGSTER, YOU SIDEWINDING RATTLESNAKE!
VIGILANTE! SAVE ME - AND I'LL MAKE YOU THE HERO OF MY NEXT BOOK!
WHAT - ?
COLORFUL ANT ME? HAW, HAW!
WE'LL FIGGER OUT HOW TO GET RID O' THE VIGILANTE FOR GOOD!
WE DON'T HAVE TA DO NO FIGGERIN'! OUR PAL J. SCRIVER TOME HAS ALREADY DONE IT!
YA MEAN WHERE DA BOOK TELLS ABOUT DRIVIN A AUTO LOAD O DYNAMITE RIGHT INTA A BANK AN INTO DA VAULT AT DA BACK?
BUT THAT WOULD BE MURDER!
SHORTLY... ON THE FRINGE OF CHINATOWN...
I GOT DA DYNAMITE! AN' SINCE TOME DON'T WANT TA STRING ALONG WIT' US, WE'LL BLOW HIM UP WIT' DA REST OF 'EM!
DYNAMITE
THE HELPLESS PRISONERS ARE DRIVEN TO A STRATEGICALLY LOCATED ALLEY - AND THEN...
ALL WE GOTTA DO IS DASH IN AN' PICK UP DA CASH WHAT'LL BE SCATTERED AROUND!


BANK
THERE SHE GOES! AN' DA SPEEDBOAT'S RIGHT HANDY FOR OUR GETAWAY BEFORE DA COPS EVEN GET SMART TA WHAT HAPPENED!
WITHIN THE BANK...
A RUNAWAY CAR!
BUT WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE — AND THE PAINT-BLINDED VIGILANTE AND THE CHINATOWN KID HAVE BY NO MEANS GIVEN UP!
HOW TERRIBLE!
KEEP TRYIN', VIG! WE STILL HAVE A SECOND OR TWO.
HOW'M I DOING, PARDNER?
YA GOT IT! NOW SWING THE WHEEL HARD TO THE RIGHT!
YA MADE IT — WITH ALMOST HALF A INCH TO SPARE!
HEAVENS! THERE ARE PEOPLE IN THAT CAR!
WHAT NOW, STUFF? WITH THIS PAINT OVER MY EYES, I CAN'T SEE A THING!
BANK
STRAIGHT AHEAD, VIG!

NEXT MOMENT...
QUICK! BEAT IT TA DA BOAT, BEFORE DEY HIT. SOMETIN'AN' BLOW UP—AN' BLOW US UP, TOO.'
WHAT—! NO BLAST-AN' THEY'RE COMIN' AFTER US!
YA MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, MUGS.' SOON AS I GET MY HANDS LOOSE, I'LL RUN YA DOWN, NO MATTER WHERE YA GO!
FASTER! OR WE'LL NEVER MAKE THE BOAT.
DAT CAR'LL NEED WATER WINGS TA FOLLOW US'
END OF THE LINE.' EVERYBODY OUT.'
AND JUST IN TIME AS STUFF FREES HIMSELF OF HIS BONDS!
WHAT'S AHEAD, FELLA?
THE RIVER.' BUT DON'T WORRY—JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME.'
YIII! DA CAR'S GOIN' RIGHT UNDER US—AN' DA DYNAMITE IS GETTIN' SHOOK UP!
AT LAST—I CAN SEE! AND WHAT A PLEASANT VIEW.'
BOOM!

ME, I'M A REFORMED CHARACTER FROM NOW ON — AN' SO IS ME MOB!
WHAT— AGAIN!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING MISSIN'! I'M AFRAID YOUR MASTERPIECE, "THE BAFFLING BANDIT," IS AT THE BOTTOM O' THE DRINK, TOME!
THINK NOTHING OF IT, MY YOUNG FRIEND
I WOULD HAVE DESTROYED IT, ANYWAY! YOU AND THE VIGILANTE HAVE GIVEN ME AN INSPIRATION FOR A BOOK BESIDE WHICH ALL MY PREVIOUS WORKS WILL SEEM DULL AND PALLID!
ANOTHER DAY...
HO, HUM 'WISH I HAD AN EXCITIN' BOOK TO READ!
MAYBE YOU HAVE, YOUNG FELLA! THE MAILMAN JUST DELIVERED THIS FOR YOU!
IT SAYS, "DEDICATED TO THE VALIANT VIGILANTE AN' HIS FEARLESS FRIEND, THE CHINATOWN KID!"
YOU DON'T SAY!
THE INVINCIBLE LAWMAN BY J. KALVER TOME
GOLLY! IS IT THRILLIN'!
CAN YOU BEAT IT? HE KEEPS HIS HEAD ALL THROUGH THE REAL THING — AND SHUDDERS WITH EXCITEMENT WHEN HE READS ABOUT IT!

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WOW! I USED TO THINK SUPERMAN AN' BATMAN AN' BOY COMMANDOS HAD A CORNER ON ACTION!
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ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

OUTSIDE THE CIRCLE OF THE LIVING, WHERE DWELL THE SPIRITS OF THE GREAT MAGICIANS OF THE PAST, GREEN-EYED JEALOUSY FLARES INTO A FLAMING FEUD — THE OLD AGAINST THE NEW, THE PAST VERSUS THE PRESENT! ARE MAGICIANS OF THE PAST TO BE OUTDONE BY AN UPSTART YOUNGSTER LIKE ZATARA? TO SETTLE THE CONFLICT, THE ANCIENTS RETURN — AND THE GREAT MAGICIANS OF ALL AGES PIT THEIR SKILL AGAINST ZATARA — TO DECIDE WHICH IS GREATER ...

"Magic — PAST OR PRESENT!"

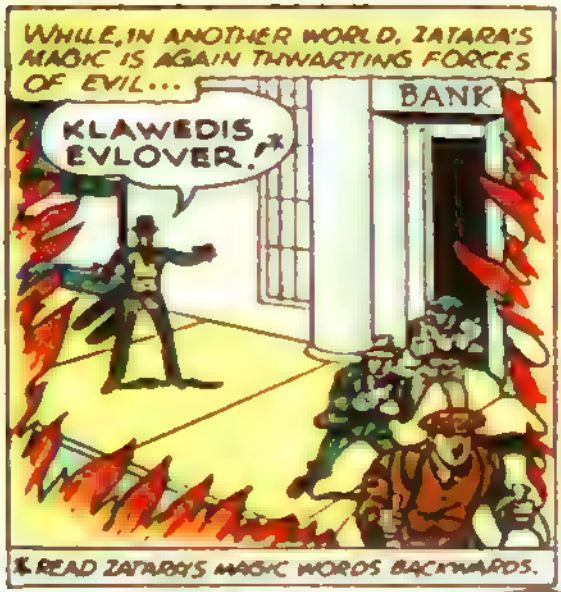
ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER STYX, MERLIN THE MAGICIAN, AND TOTH THE EGYPTIAN...

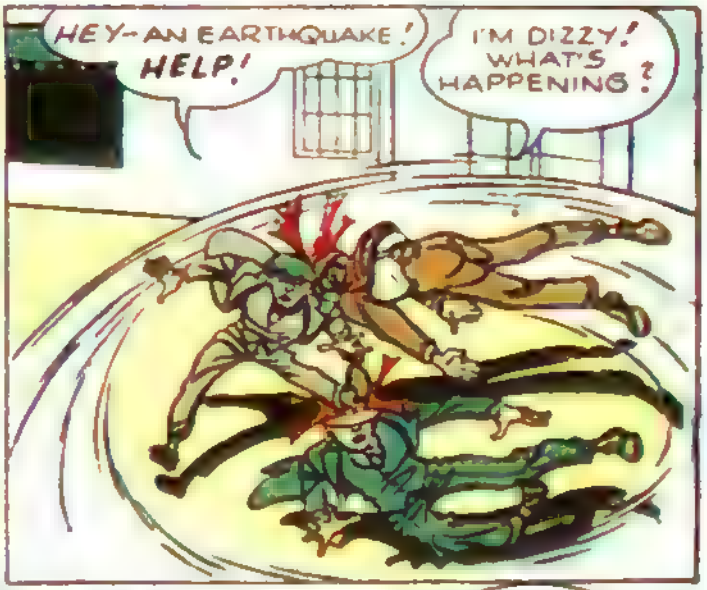
BAH! WITH MY CENTURIES OF EXPERIENCE, I CAN OUTWIT THIS UPSTART ZATARA!

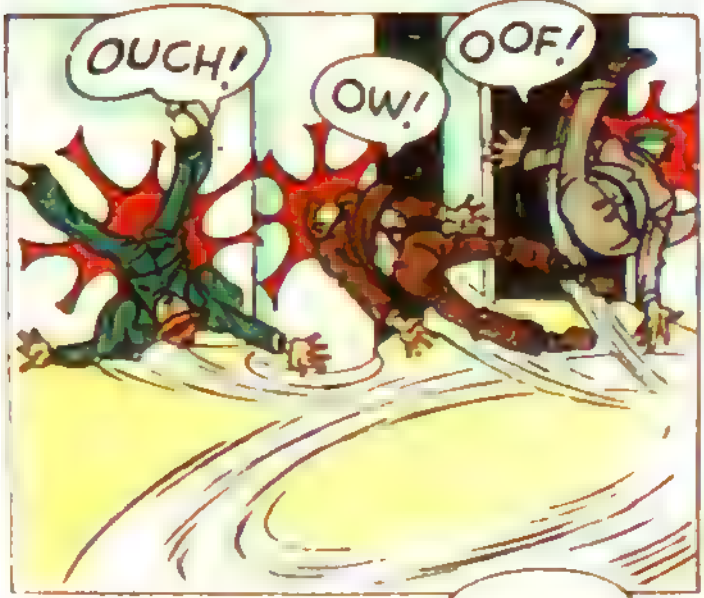
BY AN[illegible] I HOPE SO. THE ANCIENT MAGICIANS ARE LOSING FAITH BECAUSE OF ZATARA'S MAGIC.

BY SASSAFRAS AND GOAT-LIKE EAR-[illegible] ZATARA AT ONCE APPEAR!

THERE HE IS! AND USING HIS MAGIC...


WHILE, IN ANOTHER WORLD, ZATARA'S MAGIC IS AGAIN THWARTING FORCES OF EVIL...
BANK
KLAWEDIS EVLOVER.!*
* READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.


HEY—AN EARTHQUAKE! HELP!
I'M DIZZY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?


OUCH!
OW!
OOF!

GET US INTO JAIL! AND QUICK—I'M SEASICK!
THANKS, ZATARA! YOU SAVED A PAYROLL AND OUR JOBS!

BACK IN THE MAGIC WORLD OF YESTERDAY...
BAH! ANY TYRO COULD DO A TRICK LIKE THAT!
HIS MAGIC CAN NOT COMPARE WITH OURS!

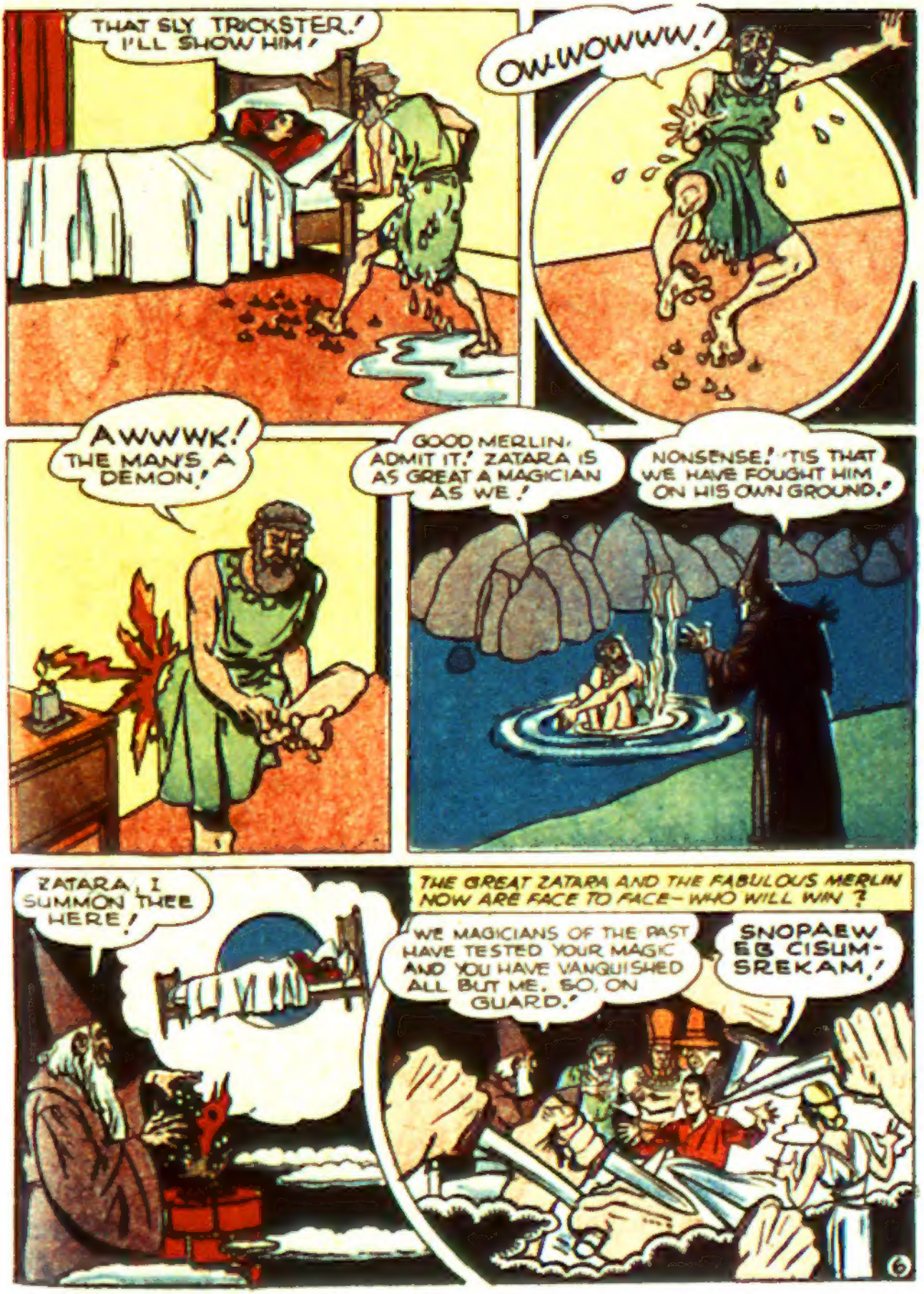
GREETINGS, MERLIN AND TOTH. I FOLLOWED YOU IN MY MAGIC CRYSTAL AND HEARD YOUR WORDS!
ARE WE RIGHT DELPHIC ORACLE ABOUT ZATARA?

I FORETOLD THE FUTURE IN ANCIENT GREECE. I FORETELL IT NOW! PIT YOUR MAGIC AGAINST ZATARA'S .. AND THE BEST MAGIC SHALL WIN!

THAT EVENING, IN SHADELAND A CONFERENCE IS HELD...
JOIN US, APPOLONIUS AND CAGLIOSTRO, MASTERS OF ANCIENT MAGIC!
GLADLY MERLIN.
ALL EUROPE KNOWS OF MY CURSES AND INCANTATIONS! I WILL SHOW ZATARA SOME REAL MAGIC!
MUCH OF US SHALL TRY HIS MAGIC FIRST?
I, AS OLDEST OF THE SAGES AND AS AUTHOR OF THE BOOK OF TOTH, ASK THE PRIVILEGE.
UNAWARE OF THE ANCIENTS' PLOT, ZATARA ENTERS HIS HOTEL ROOM...
EARTH AND FIRE I CONJURE! SPRING UP, O FLAMES, AND SINGE THIS BOOR!
HEY- WHAT'S THIS?
NIAR, NIAR! LLAF TSAF DNA YVASH!
ALLERBMU REAPPA!

CURSES OF ANUBIS! I CAN'T CONJURE UP EVIL SPIRITS WITH MY MAGIC WANDS SOAKING WET!'
BY THE IRON SIGIL OF ISIS I—
THEN, A SUDDEN CLAP OF THUNDER—ZATARA'S THUNDER...
YEEEOOW!!!
BAROOOOM!!!
SO, BACK TO SHADELAND WE GO...
YOU'RE SOAKING WET.'
AND BURNED BY LIGHTNING!'
I WAS LUCKY TO ESCAPE WITH MY LIFE.' ZATARA IS TRULY A MASTER MAGICIAN.'
THEN, CAGLIOSTRO THE GREAT, MATCHES HIS MAGIC WITH ZATARA'S...
BY THE POWER OF CAGLIOSTRO, RISE...
SLOWLY, ZATARA'S BED RISES FROM THE FLOOR!
THE BED MOVES.' WHAT— DEB LLAF!
4

OW!
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE... GAB ETIB!
OOOH, MY HEAD!
TRULY THIS ZATARA HATH RARE MAGIC! WELL, IT'S MY TURN, NEXT!
GET ME LOOSE! OUCH! OWW!
LATER, WE FIND ZATARA ALONE AGAIN— OR IS HE?
FROM BOOKS OF MAGIC I'VE READ, I RECOGNIZE CAGLIOSTRO! BUT WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE?
I'D BETTER TAKE PRECAUTIONS BEFORE I RETIRE AGAIN— MOOR ESIRPRUS YNA OHW RETNE.
GLUB-GURGLE-GLOG! DRAT!


THAT SLY TRICKSTER! I'LL SHOW HIM!
OW-WOWWW!
AWWWK! THE MAN'S A DEMON!
GOOD MERLIN, ADMIT IT! ZATARA IS AS GREAT A MAGICIAN AS WE!
NONSENSE! 'TIS THAT WE HAVE FOUGHT HIM ON HIS OWN GROUND!
ZATARA, I SUMMON THEE HERE!
THE GREAT ZATARA AND THE FABULOUS MERLIN NOW ARE FACE TO FACE—WHO WILL WIN?
WE MAGICIANS OF THE PAST HAVE TESTED YOUR MAGIC AND YOU HAVE VANQUISHED ALL BUT ME. SO, ON GUARD!
SNOPAEW EB CISUM-SREKAM!

WEAPONS BECOME MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS.'
MUSIC CHARMS THE SAVAGE HEART— YALP EIGOOB - EIGOOW.!
FAITH, 'TIS A STRANGE BUT PLEASING MUSIC!
IT MAKES MY FEET WANT TO DANCE!
HAVE I PASSED THE TEST, GENTLEMEN?
THAT YOU HAVE, ZATARA!
DO TEACH US THE TRICK OF MAKING THAT WONDERFUL MUSIC, ZATARA!
ALLOW ME TO ESCORT YOU HOME, ZATARA. I AM MORPHEUS, GOD OF SLUMBER...
TO OUR ABSENT BROTHER, ZATARA— GREATEST MAGICIAN OF ALL!
ZATARA
AND WHERE IS ZATARA? HERE —
I - I WAS ASLEEP! THEN - DID THAT REALLY HAPPEN OR DID I DREAM IT?
7

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